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NOV. 28, 1942 10¢

HE AXIS WOULD BLITZ THE WORLD—CAN THEY?

BY PIERRE VAN PAASSEN

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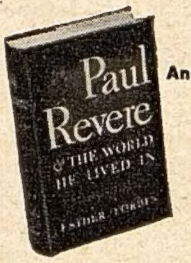

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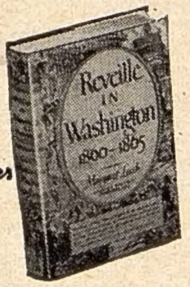

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Never Beyond This Shore

HERE at the sea's edge is as near to Jim as I can go.

Other women have gone farther than this. There were women on Corregidor; women have gone to Ireland and Australia and Iceland; women have been lost in the Battle of the Atlantic.

But I know I would be foolish to dream of serving as they have. For a woman to go farther than this shore demands a special skill, complete independence—and I have neither.

No, my task is here, here in the little storm-tight house that sits back from the cove, here with my son.

And if I become discontent with the seeming smallness of my task, Jim's words come back to steady me. "I'm leaving you a very important job, Mary. Until this war is won, there won't be any more evenings when we can sit by the fireside and plan our tomorrows together. It will be up to you to make the plans for the three of us.

"Mary," he said, "keep our dreams alive."

★ ★ ★

MAKE no little plans, you who build the dream castles here at home. When you try to imagine the future, after he returns, be sure your imaginings are full of bright and cheerful hues, for that world of tomorrow will be resplendent in things you don't know—never even imagined. Allow for wonderful new developments in such fields as television, fluorescent lighting, plastics. And leave a flexible horizon for the marvels that are sure to come from the new science of electronics. When you're dreaming of your better tomorrow, count on us. General Electric Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

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GENERAL ELECTRIC

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NOVEMBER 28, 1942

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Paul Hunter, Publisher.
Jerome Ellison, Editor-in-Chief

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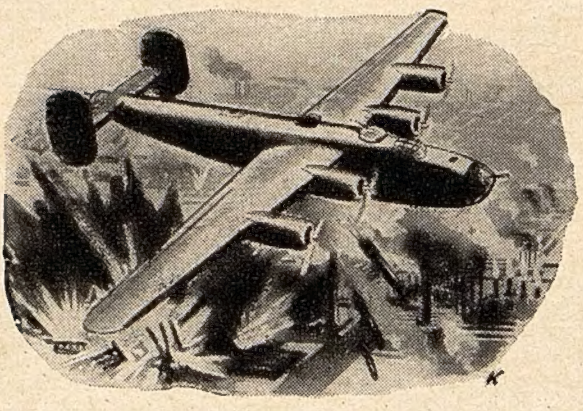
NEXT WEEK

DECEMBER 5, 1942

THE LAST FLIGHT OF THE PHYLLIS

She was a Flying Fortress. After bombing a Hun aircraft plant by daylight she downed at least four of forty Hun pursuit planes. The others shot her to flinders, wounded five of her crew of ten. But even after that, those young Yanks flew all that was left of their girl friend Phyllis back to a field in England! It's an epic story—and they themselves will be telling it, via **DONALD WILHELM** and his typewriter.



KEEPING WARM WITH THE MINIVERS

With a fuel shortage on, the question before the house—and especially before the housewife—is how to keep up health and morale with the temperature down. Mrs. Miniver, that engaging lady whom America seems to have adopted as its favorite Englishwoman, has discovered a bagful of tricks to banish the gloomy chill of underheated houses. Next week, through her creator, **JAN STRUTHER**, she passes them on to you.

THE GYP OF THE WEEK

How often are you cheated, rooked, bamboozled? Have *you* been taken in by certain substitute antifreeze mixtures that have a ruinous effect on your car's insides? Are you a pushover for pickpockets in a crowd? Maybe you *are* smart, but don't underestimate the other fellow who may earn a crooked living by his wits. Learn about rackets you ought to be wary of by reading Liberty's new series, The Gyp of the Week.

AND: In the fiction line—the first installment of a two-parter by **EVE BURKHARDT**; a swift-paced submarine yarn by **GEORGE W. CAMPBELL**; and a chucklesome story by **CHARLES BONNER**. Plus the usual departments and an unusual variety of short features, it's an issue we think you'll enjoy.

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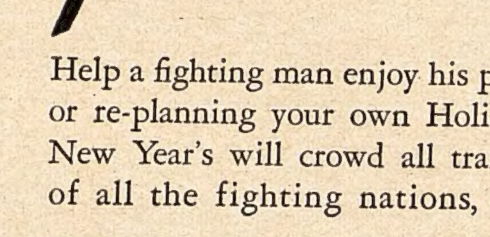
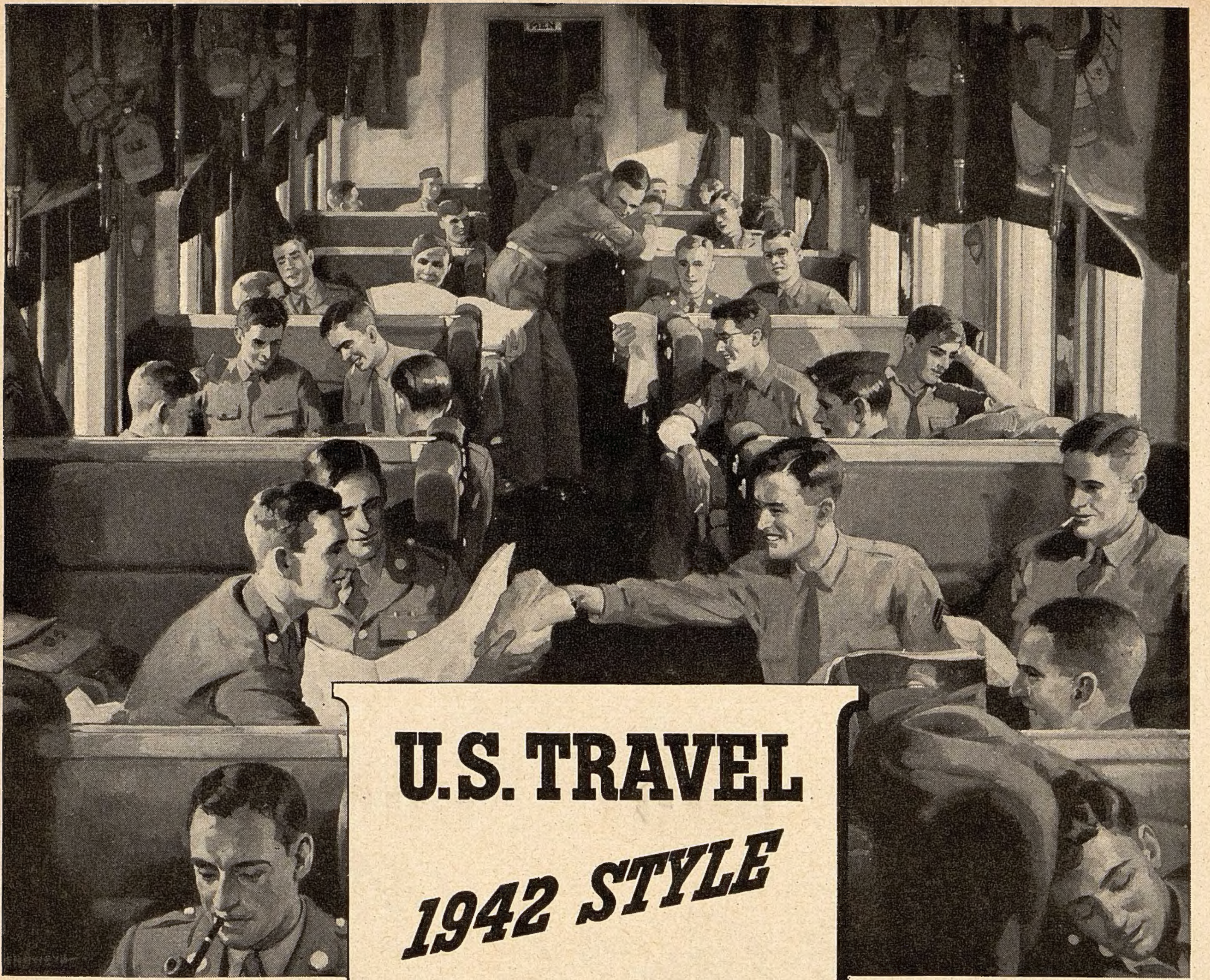


Give HIM your Holiday Trip!

Help a fighting man enjoy his precious leave or furlough—by postponing or re-planning your own Holiday trip. Thanksgiving, Christmas and New Year's will crowd all transportation to capacity—for America, of all the fighting nations, still enjoys amazing freedom of travel.

This year, why not give a soldier or sailor your bus seat? *That doesn't mean buying or sending a ticket to anybody*—it just means taking your usual holiday trip at some other time. With cooperation like this, Greyhound expects to keep America's millions on the move—*first,* to speed the war effort, and, *second,* to meet civilian needs. You can aid further by traveling only on mid-week days . . . by taking as little baggage as possible . . . by smiling off occasional inconvenience.

GREYHOUND



U.S. TRAVEL
1942 STYLE

IN the months since Pearl Harbor the railroads of the United States have carried three times as many soldiers as in the same months of the last war.

Of the 6,800 Pullman sleeping cars and 17,500 passenger coaches on the railroads today, a great part are assigned to military movements—and the armed forces have first call on all the rest.

Besides troop movements, there are those who must travel on essential war business. There are service men on furlough. There is the shortage of tires and the rationing of gasoline — all adding to the demand for space on the trains.

That demand must be met with the cars we have—other war needs make it impossible to get any more.

So please help the other fellow who *must* travel—and help yourself — and help us to get the best use out of what we have.

DON'T WASTE TRANSPORTATION. *Plan early*—Make reservations and buy tickets as far in advance as possible. *Avoid week ends*—Do your traveling in the middle of the week whenever possible. *Travel light*—Limit your hand baggage to actual requirements. Other baggage can be checked. *Plans changed?*—Cancel your reservation promptly if your trip is deferred or called off. It will help the other fellow.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

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A WORD ABOUT "CONFUSION"

ONE of the most persistent plaints we've heard since America got into this war has been the protest against "confusion." Washington, we are told, is a madhouse; Congress is a booby hatch; the joint High Commands are at cross-purposes.

We would be wrong indeed to dismiss these reports without earnest consideration. There is undoubtedly much confusion in the Allied war effort, and part of it is inexcusable. There is confused handling of the news, confused planning on the home front.

What are we going to do about it?

One thing we can do, of course, is fret over it, worry ourselves into the state where our courage dribbles out through our chilled feet. That is what Hitler wants us to do. Toward that end his propagandists tirelessly magnify existing confusions and invent others that simply don't exist.

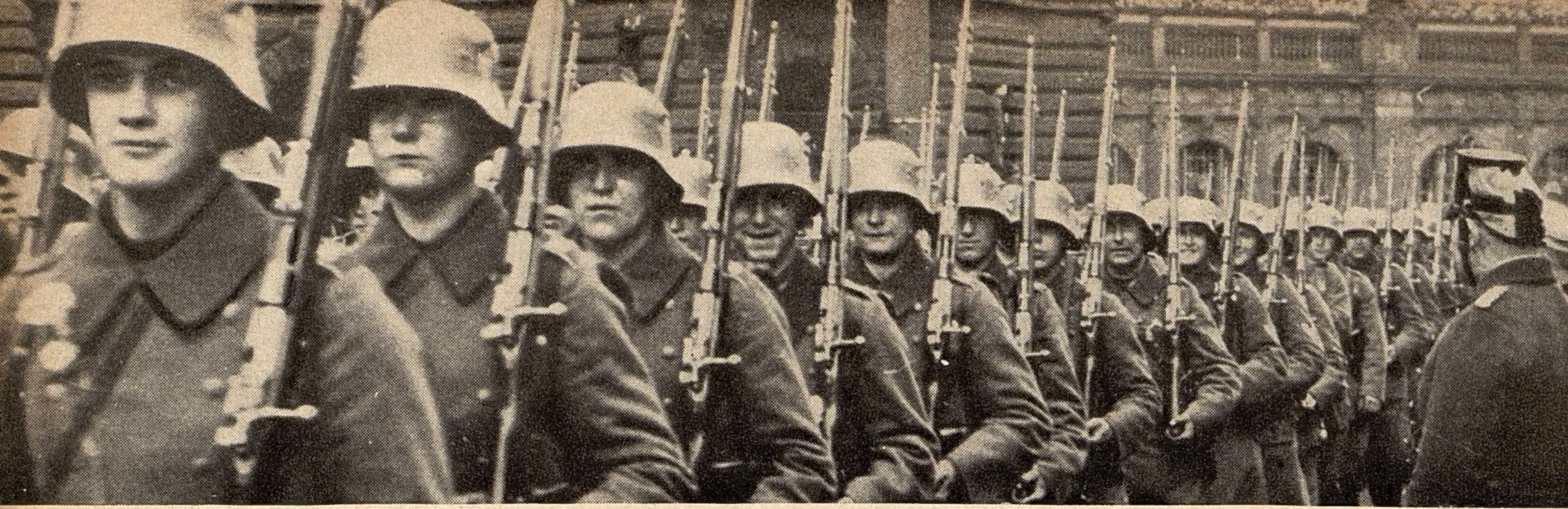
Another thing we can do is look this confusion squarely in the eye and face it for what it is. In following this course, which seems by far the wiser, here are some facts we might keep in mind:

This country has been at war for eleven months. In that time our whole economy has been ripped from its foundations and rebuilt on the design of total war. Our population, turning from the occupations of peace to those of war, has experienced a complete upheaval. No reasonable person can expect such a vast readjustment in so short a time without some confusion.

Some confusion is normal. No candid business man will deny that there have been times when his office, shop, or factory has been topsy-turvy. Any frank housewife will remember days when her household has been in turmoil. Yet these same people grow fretful at a time of nation-wide change, when millions of people are undertaking unaccustomed tasks, because they see signs of "confusion"!

There is a pattern in this "confusion." A large percentage of the men in Washington bureaus are outstandingly clearheaded and able; many congressmen are competent and courageous; our armed forces are rapidly becoming the best trained, best equipped, and best commanded in the world; the skill and capacity of our industry has long been a world's wonder; our President is a great leader of men—and all of them are working long hours to win the war. When the fog of confusion seems thickest, let us keep these solid facts in mind. Let us remember that confusion is a by-product of a vast preparation for complete and successful war. Some confusion is a part of war. Our enemies, despite their Teutonic and Nipponese passion for order and years of advance preparation, have plenty of it. There is no reason to assume that we will escape our share.

MEANWHILE, if we keep our nerve, our fighting spirit, our sense of humor as well as our grimness, we can banish much of this confusion, weed out many of our bumblers, restore much of our efficiency. But if we let it discourage us, or turn us sour, or make us relax our efforts, even momentarily, we do a serious disservice to our country.



THE AXIS WOULD BLITZ THE WORLD—CAN THEY?

They still believe in Haushofer, who taught them how to do it—but war on Russia wasn't his idea

BY PIERRE VAN PAASSEN

"WHERE is Hitler going to strike next?"

The query is a familiar one. It pops up after every Nazi conquest. It became a most monotonous refrain after the fall of Poland. It was repeated with ever-increasing anxiety after Hitler's invasion of Denmark, Norway, and the Low Countries. After the strangling of France and the rape of Yugoslavia and Greece it was asked with even more intense urgency. And now, during every lull on the Russian front and during every breathing spell in the Middle East campaign, the same question fills the air and the columns of our newspapers.

Yet to this very day we have rarely been able to call his shots in advance. Seldom has he struck where and when he was expected to. When the Nazis, flushed with their victory over France, were presumed to be about to invade England, they did nothing of the sort. They bombed the British Isles mercilessly, it is true, but they sat tight for almost ten months. Then, in April, 1941, Hitler struck at Yugoslavia and Greece, not at Britain.

And again, in the summer of 1941, when we anticipated an all-out German effort to end the Mediterranean battle by an assault on Gibraltar and Suez, Hitler flung his hordes against the Red Army instead.

Now that a fourth war winter is upon him, the question of where he is going to strike next has been once more troubling most of our news analysts—and, presumably, the general staffs of the United Nations.

Since Hitler has time and again fooled us about the immediate objective of his next move, many authoritative strategists have begun to doubt that the Nazi war lords ever had any general war plan. The problem boils down to this: Was the sequence of Nazi onslaughts against various countries dictated by a definite schedule set up in advance, or were Hitler's decisions on the direction of his successive blows determined by political events beyond his control—if not by his own much-publicized "intuitions"?

This looms as today's largest question mark. The answer would tell us whether Germany herself still believes in an ultimate Nazi triumph over the thirty-one nations that oppose her.

READING TIME ● 12 MINUTES

WORLD CONQUEST AS MAPPED BY MUNICH'S GEOPOLITICIANS

THE brains behind most Axis blows are theirs, and this is the first principle of their planning: "Any Power that seeks to dominate the world must control its waterways." Axis domination, as they charted it years before 1939, was to have these stages: First, capture of the Mediterranean. Second, closing of the southern Pacific and subjugation of a "Greater Asia." Third: Domination of the Atlantic and control of the Caribbean and Panama.

The map on the opposite page shows the successive steps they scheduled. German capture of the Mediterranean was to be brought about by:

Alliance with Italy (1)
Control of Spain (2)
Control of France (3)
Control of Albania, and then of Yugoslavia and Greece (4)
Control over Morocco and Algeria (5)
Control over Libya and Egypt (6)
Control over Syria and Palestine (7)
Seizure of Gibraltar (8)
Taking over of Suez (9)

By last summer Hitler had accomplished numbers 1 to 5, inclusive, and part of number 6. He had also tackled Russia, an unscheduled move that was keeping his hands full. Even so, he still meant, Mr. van Paassen is convinced, to follow the Munich plan through. At which of its remaining objectives would he, if he could, strike next?

The Munich-planned Pacific-Asiatic conquest, to be made by Japan, was to include, besides domination of the whole of Africa:

Control over the Middle East, including Afghanistan (10)
Control over India (11)
Control of Siam and Indo-China (12)
Control over China's coast (13)
Control over the Philippines and the Dutch East Indies (14)
Capture of Singapore (15)

Of these, the Japs have now done—for the time being—jobs 12, 13, and 15 and much of 14, leaving India and the Middle East among their, or Hitler's, possible early objectives.

As for the Atlantic and the Caribbean (16 on map), the Munich planners assumed that, once Britain was shorn of her possessions and the United States cowed, this third and final stage of world conquest would take care of itself.

For if Germany were to go on winning battles without a comprehensive plan for bringing the war to a successful conclusion, then she would be doomed to defeat no matter how many individual successes she piled up to her credit.

Basing myself on a thorough and wearisome study of General Professor Karl Haushofer's own ponderous works and the geopolitical tomes he has edited, I, for one, have no doubt whatsoever that a fundamental German plan of strategy for the conquest of the world exists and long has existed. Hitler is by no means running around in aimless circles. The Nazis are operating according to minutely worked-out charts and blueprints.

The Geopolitical Institute, as you know, is a planning academy. It is housed in more than a dozen large buildings in Munich. There a staff of several thousands of scientists, historians, geographers, oceanographers, economists, and industrial experts works day and night. These labors have been going on uninterruptedly since the day Hitler assumed power. Haushofer, its founder and president, has not been heard from since the Nazis invaded Russia; but whether he was purged because he was known to oppose such a move is a question of minor importance. His planning institute has never ceased working at full speed, perfecting and, as necessary, revising Germany's blueprint for world conquest.

The task of the Geopolitical Institute is to provide the Military Academy in Berlin with the fundamental plan, the geographic pattern, so to speak, for its campaigns. Munich is not concerned with the detailed military strategy of battles. The geopoliticians are the military thinkers and philosophers. The specialists of the Berlin General Staff are entrusted with translating geopolitical theories and systems into concrete military strategy and action.

I have spent years wading through literally thousands of geopolitical books and pamphlets and documents. These works were easily accessible in prewar days. It is perhaps because of their obscure and highly technical language that few have ever bothered to study them. Had European statesmen paid more attention to them, western Europe might have been better prepared to meet the Nazi challenge.

What is the fundamental geopolitical plan for this war?

Reducing it to its simplest terms, I would say that the basic Axis plan aims at the capture of the Mediterranean, the Pacific, and the Atlantic.

At first sight such a statement sounds utterly mad. Yet the fact remains that *der grosse deutsche Plan* (the great German Plan) envisages the defeat of the British and American navies by means of land and air strategy. The German military leaders have never doubted that this seemingly fantastic concept can be realized.

The first lesson which the geopolitical professors hammer into the skulls of their military disciples is this: "The world is 72 per cent water and 28 per cent land. Any Power that aims to dominate the world must control its waterways."

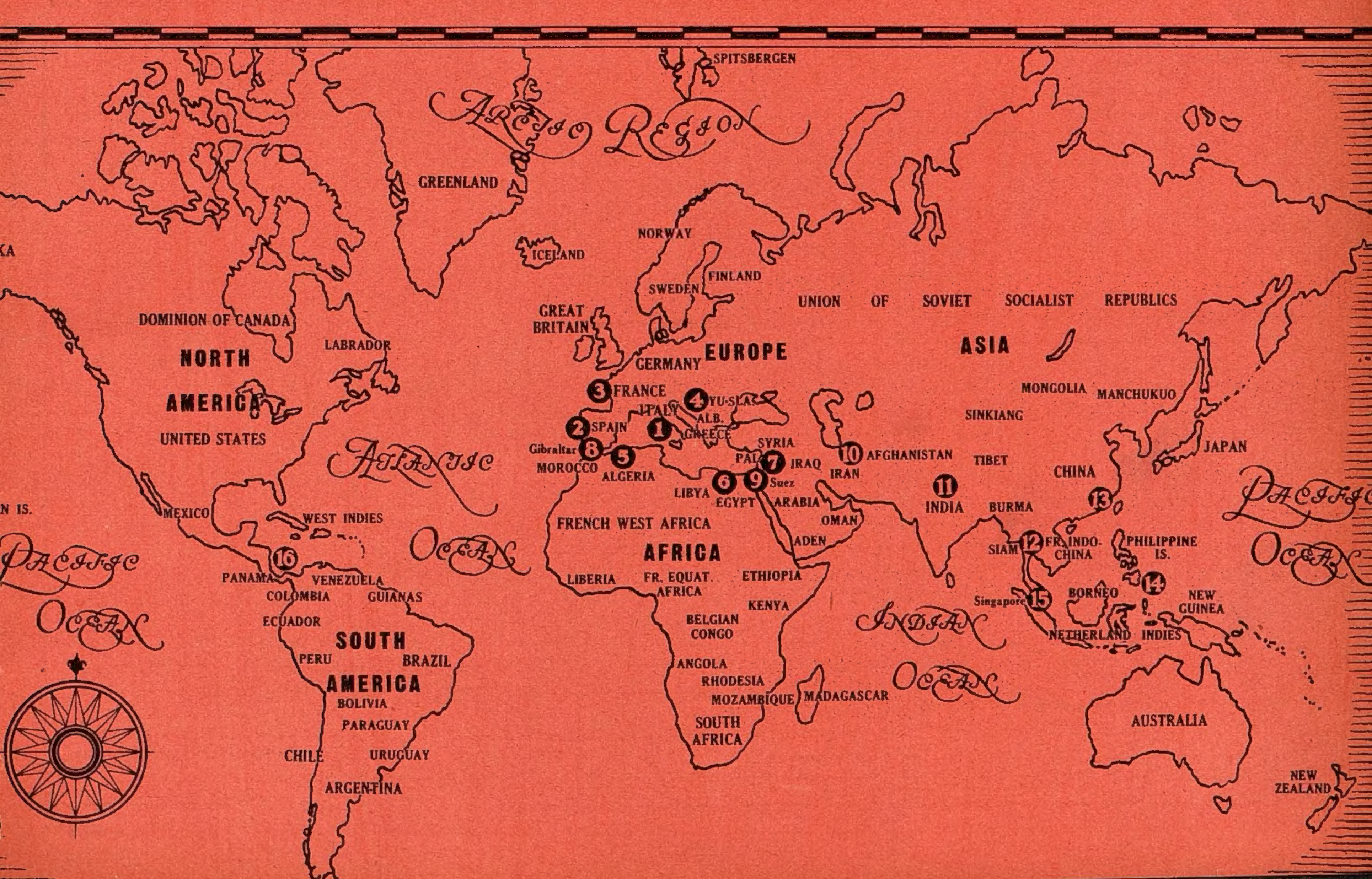
Superficially such a statement might convey the idea that only Powers having the strongest navies in the world could control the waterways. But this is not at all its meaning. From the very outset, the Nazis' geopolitical mentors have been fully aware that Germany's war machine was and would continue to be primarily a land and air force. It is to the armies that they delegate the task of wresting control of the waterways from the British and American navies.

They have indicated the fundamental strategic lines to be followed in the solution of this seemingly insoluble problem. They have laid down the main principles on which a land strategy against superior naval forces is to be based. Oceans, they say, can be captured by a march *around* them and by occupation of the surrounding coast lines, whence an air force can successfully operate and thus control the vast waterways.

In German military circles this war is always referred to as *der Krieg für die Freiheit der Meere*—the war for the freedom of the seas. Even the average man in Naziland knows that this is a war of the oceans, although naval engagements played a comparatively small role in it until Tokyo struck at Pearl Harbor. *This is a war of the oceans* even if naval engagements have been fought on a scale much smaller than that of the land battles.

Look at the map. What can we observe about the huge expanses of water that cover nearly three quarters of the entire globe?

(*Continued on page 56*)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NEW ZEALAND

MY WORTHY OPPONENT

When a beautiful blonde with a yen for reform takes to politics, anything can happen—and does!

BY COREY FORD

ILLUSTRATED BY CARL MUELLER

THIS isn't a Hollywood story. That is, it's not about Hollywood—for all that the heroine is Hollywood's newest and most incandescent star, and the opening scene takes place at the annual Academy dinner, where approximately a hundred thousand pounds of Hollywood's most expensive flesh have gathered together to see her presented with Hollywood's most coveted award.

Upon the fair recipient of this cinematic honor Lou Ernst cocked his head and gazed obliquely through the thin trickle of smoke from a cigarette butt glued to his lower lip. Nina Carter's big eyes were fixed on the glittering array of Oscars that flanked the speakers' table; her slim fingers twisted the stem of a champagne glass absently, her lovely lips were parted in breathless attention. Occasionally her exquisite blonde head nodded up and down in agreement. The speaker leaned toward her, resting his fat palm on a gold statuette's unyielding head, and Lou Ernst exhaled cigarette smoke in a cloud of apprehension.

" . . . who brought to life the title role of Carrie Nation," the speaker was saying, "because Nina Carter *is* Carrie Nation. Like her famous predecessor, Nina also is a crusader at heart, a champion of reform, fearless and forthright and sincere . . ."

Nina's eyes glowed with sincerity; and Lou Ernst, who as Hollywood's shrewdest agent had for some years been paying her ninety per cent of her salary, viewed this phenomenon with foreboding. He knew all too well the lengths to which Nina's sincerity could carry her. He was aware how completely she threw herself into every part she played. Only last year, while making The Life of Florence Nightingale, she had lived the role so thoroughly that it had taken Lou's best efforts to keep her from breaking her contract in the middle of the picture and joining a nursing home. The year before, after finishing The Miracle, he had barely dissuaded her from entering a convent. Now that the crusading spirit of Carrie Nation had nicked her with its ghostly hatchet, he realized, she could not stop short of Congress itself. He braced himself for the worst.

". . . she would sacrifice her whole career if duty called," the speaker plunged heedlessly on. "Like her illustrious fellow Kansan, who led the historic fight against the evils of rum . . ."

Resolutely Nina's fingers pushed the champagne glass away from her across the table. Her head was lifted as though she heard a far-off trumpet blast; the glow in her eyes had become a gleam. Lou shut his own eyes resignedly. . . .

THE gleam in turn had become a glint, her eyes stared ahead without wavering, her lips were curved in a fixed smile. Above her face, which was six feet tall, was the slogan, "Elect Nina Carter: Fearless, Forthright, Sober," and below, across her slender throat, was printed in boxcar letters, "She'll Carrie the Nation!" For a moment her whole head seemed to sag; then it lifted again, as Nina drove a tack into the upper right-hand corner of the twenty-four sheet, clambered down from the chair, and replaced the slipper whose pointed heel she had been using as a hammer. She surveyed the result gratefully.

Somehow the lurid campaign photograph of herself lent an intimate touch to the grim plush-and-horsehair hotel suite. At least, she reflected, it was a familiar face: the only familiar face she had seen since her arrival last night from Hollywood. The life of a crusader, Nina was beginning to realize, was a lonely one. She toyed for a moment with the idea of ordering up a cocktail, encountered her own eyes gazing at her sternly from the wall, and put the thought from her mind. With a sigh she wandered to the window and gazed past the big new banner—whose reversed letters read "Reform Party Headquarters"—at the deserted main street of the little Kansas town.

It was good to be back home in Swasey, she told herself stoutly. To be sure, she had not seen Swasey since she was a little girl; but it was her home town, she reminded herself, and it was only fitting and proper that she should launch her public career here. She pictured the grateful citizens of Swasey rallying behind her in a stirring crusade, turning the present rascally incumbent out, and sending her triumphantly to Congress in his stead. The actual political set-up in Swasey was a little vague to her; but she was sure that the whole thing cried aloud for reform. "In these crucial times," she told the cheering populace as they bore her on their shoulders to the train for Washington, "we need new and vigorous leaders who will battle fearlessly against the evils of—"

READING TIME ● 21 MINUTES

The phone interrupted her pleasant daydream. "The press is here, Miss Carter," the desk clerk said.

"Ah, yes. Please send them up." She gave a last-minute glance at herself in the mirror, and turned at a knock on the door. "Come in," she said graciously, and halted. "Oh." She stared at a lone young man in the doorway. "There's only one of you?"

The young man looked apologetic. "That's all there's ever been."

"I mean . . ." She regained her composure. "I assume," she began briskly, "you came here to get a statement."

"Matter of fact," the young man said, "I just came here to get a good look at you."

"I. . ." She caught herself, and began again: "They tell me that your editor, Mr. Merrow, is planning to oppose me for the nomination."

The young man grinned quizzically. "That's one way of putting it," and flopped comfortably into a chair, dangling a long leg over one upholstered arm. He had a lean homely face, she noticed, which wrinkled attractively when he grinned. "You look a little less formidable off the screen," he remarked, taking out his pipe.

SHE ignored him. "In announcing my own candidacy for the congressional nomination from the Fourth District," she continued, "I have no personal grudge against your editor. On the other hand, I feel that in these critical times we need leaders who will battle fearlessly for the cause of public reform, and I promise, if elected" . . . her blonde head was thrown back, her eyes were gleaming; she was Carrie Nation in the big saloon-wrecking scene of her recent picture . . . "to rally the common people of this country in a nationwide crusade against the forces of evil . . ." She paused. "Aren't you writing any of this down?"

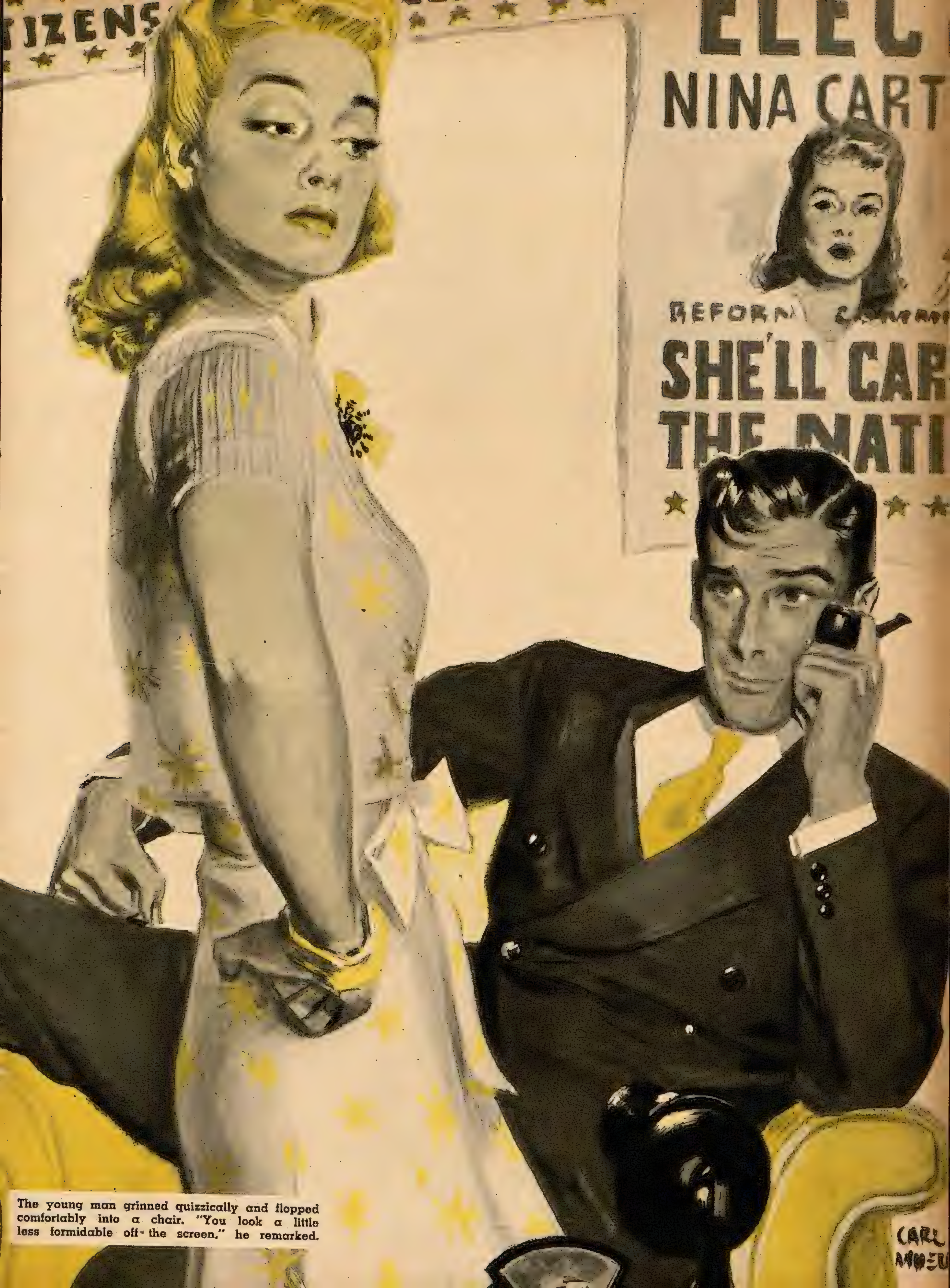
"I saw it in the movie." The young man struck a match and peered at her over the flame. "What's the gag?"

"I beg your pardon?"

"Is this a publicity stunt, or what?"

Her lips thinned suddenly. "I resent your implication."

"You don't mean you're on the level?" in astonishment.


IZENS
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The young man grinned quizzically and flopped comfortably into a chair. "You look a little less formidable off the screen," he remarked.

"I resent it," she said, "very much."

"Well, I'll be damned," he said slowly, staring at her. The match burned down to his fingers and he whipped it out. "You're really serious." He struck another match and shook his head. "I'll be damned," he repeated.

"Just because the editor of your paper," she began hotly, "happens to be my worthy opponent!"

He peered at her over the flame of the match. "You don't have much use for John Merrow, do you?"

"Really," she said loftily, "it's been so many years since I've seen him that I scarcely even remember . . ."

He blew out the match. "He remembers you."

"My only recollection is of a rather unpleasant little boy who sat behind me in school." She added resentfully, "He used to tie my shoelaces together."

The young man exhaled pipe smoke thoughtfully. "That's Merrow, all right. Hasn't changed a bit." He rose and shoved his battered brown hat back onto his head. "Well, thanks for the interview. I'll be seeing you." He paused in the doorway. "By the way, your worthy opponent is speaking at the ball grounds tonight," casually, "in case you want to drop around and get acquainted. . . ."

THE ball grounds were crowded when she arrived. She found a seat at the rear and bought an evening paper from a newsboy. She unfolded it, glanced amiably at the glamorous studio photograph of herself on the front page, and her eye dropped to the caption printed beneath: "Blondes and Politics Don't Mix." Her smile faded; she gripped the sides of the paper and her eye moved rapidly down the column of print:

There are many things about the fair sex that bewilder a mere male like ye ed. But what passeth his understanding is why a beautiful blonde—whether she's a beautiful blonde actress, or a beautiful blonde playwright, or a beautiful blonde war correspondent—shouldn't be satisfied with just being beautiful and let it go at that. Why doesn't she realize that being a blonde is a career in itself, and leave the grim business of politics to some one like ye ed, whom even his wildest admirers would never go so far as to term beautiful?

Her indignant eye raced down the column.

A blonde's sole function is to snuggle beside a man when he's feeling lonely, and stroke his forehead, and gaze at him with great big doll-like eyes, and maybe kiss his bald spot.

She turned the page.

What ye ed wants to know is: Does the party need a blonde, or does the blonde need a party? . . .

She was becoming aware of a stir in the crowd, and some one beside her called familiarly: "Hey, John!" She glanced over her shoulder. The lanky young man was strolling down the aisle toward her, his pipe clamped between his teeth, his homely face wrinkled in a grin. The newspaper slid from her lap as she rose and faced him.

"You're right, John Merrow," she said evenly. "You haven't changed a bit. . . ."

She turned, grinding the newspaper viciously beneath her foot, and moved with a fixed smile toward the exit.

THE gleaming eyes of her campaign photograph, tacked on the wall of the plush-and-horsehair suite, gazed down upon a scene of unaccustomed activity. During the past week a vast change had taken place in the bleak headquarters of the Reform Party. Typewriters and campaign literature cluttered the tables, posters and souvenir blotters were stacked around the room, and a large carton of little Carrie Nation hatchets tied with red-white-and-blue ribbon and labeled "Nina Carter for Congress" stood in the center of the floor. Nina, making last-minute corrections on a typed speech, looked up as the door opened, and her face lighted. "Lou!"

Lou Ernst embraced her and gave her an affectionate pat. "I couldn't stay away, honey," he said. "I had to come on and help with the campaign."

"You're sweet," she beamed; and suddenly held him at arm's length and studied him suspiciously. "Only, if you think for a minute you're going to lure me back to Hollywood again. . . ."

"Now, Nina honey," said Lou, the picture of injured innocence, "you know I wouldn't interfere none in your affairs." He inquired hollowly, "Everything going fine, I suppose?"

"Couldn't be better," said Nina cheerfully.

Lou nodded without enthusiasm. Nina's campaign, a hasty inquiry around town had revealed, was progressing by leaps and bounds; and his chances of winning back his erstwhile client were dwindling just as fast. Already, to his amazement, she had assumed sizable proportions as a dark-horse candidate in the forthcoming primaries. The rejuvenated Swasey Prohibition League had provided her overnight with a ready-made organization and mailing list; the local temperance and church groups were rallying behind her in force; even the habitual old sots in town, hypnotized by her blonde beauty, sat bug-eyed in the audience and applauded when she spoke. Lou Ernst exhaled cigarette smoke and watched it fade, like his ten per-cent-commission, into thin air. "I suppose you're too busy to do a little favor for me even?"

She glanced at her watch. "I'm due at a rally at eight, dear, but if there's anything . . ."

"It's just a new script I happened to bring along from the Coast," Lou said with studied carelessness, "which I wanted to sort of get your opinion on." He held out a large envelope. "It's called The Mother of Her Country. It's all about the life of Martha Washington," he hurried. "It's a great role, honey. Everybody's crazy about it. Paragon's giving it a big production; they even got Spencer Tracy on loan for one picture and he'll play opposite you as George."

She smiled. "Sorry, Lou. It's no dice." She shook her head. "I'm in this campaign for keeps."

"Well," he sighed, "I'll just leave it here on your desk in case you maybe get a chance to glance at it sometime." His eye lit on an open gift box on the desk with an engraved card attached. "Who's sending you perfume?" curiously.

Nina's smile froze. "That," she said thinly, "is a gift from my worthy opponent."

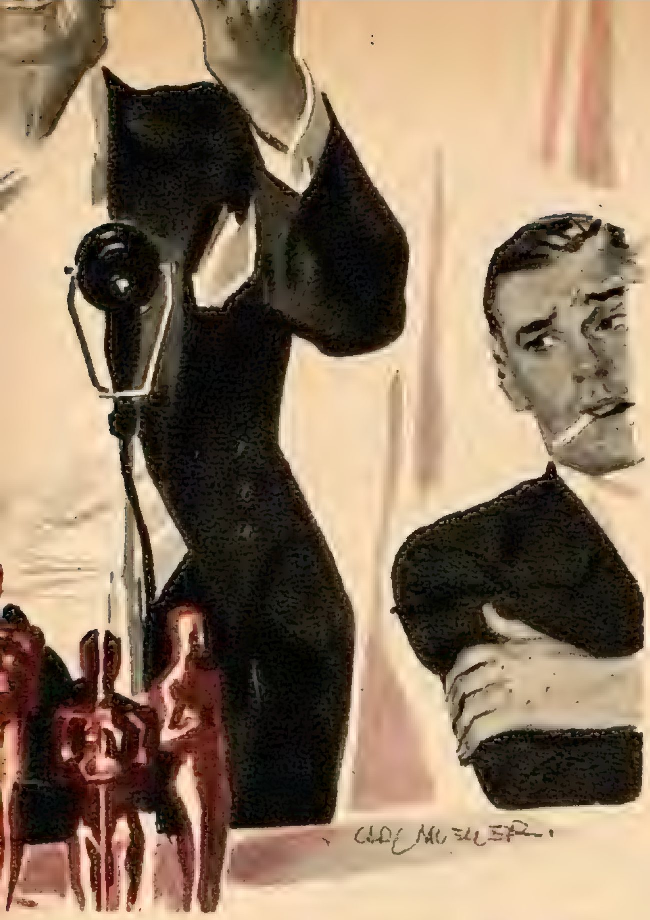
Lou looked genuinely puzzled. "The guy who's running against you gives you presents?"

"He has a rather perverted sense of humor," she shrugged. "Yesterday he sent me orchids, and the day before it was a pair of silk stockings." She folded the manuscript of her speech briskly, stuck it in the pocket of her tweed jacket. "It's his idea of a joke. Sorry to rush, dear. Make yourself at home."

Lou sank down behind the desk, picked up the card and squinted at it through the clinging column of smoke from the ubiquitous butt glued to his lips. "To a Beautiful Blonde," he read. He scowled thoughtfully. . . .

RAIN had begun about halfway through her speech, and by the time she had finished, the ball grounds were nearly deserted. She hurried through the downpour to the exit, and scanned the street in vain for a taxi. Some one brushed beside her and took her arm. "Can I give you a lift back to your hotel?"

She hesitated. Her feet were soaking wet and a little trickle of water was beginning to wander uncomfortably



". . . who brought to life the title role of Carrie Nation," the speaker was saying.

down the back of her neck. She said resignedly, "Thank you, Mr. Merrow," and hurried with him to a small coupé parked near by. Inside, she sank down in a damp huddle beside him as he shifted gears, and the car splashed forward through the rain. They drove in silence, the only sound the steady *thump-thump* of the windshield wiper and the occasional spatter of the tires through a puddle. Once she stole a glance at him; but he was gazing fixedly at the raindrops swirling toward them out of the headlights. She relaxed a little. "I suppose," she ventured at last, "that I'm not quite fulfilling my function."

HE did not answer.

"According to specifications," she said, "I should be snuggling beside you now."

He gripped the wheel and swerved the car to avoid a mudhole in the road.

"I should be gazing up at you with big doll-like eyes," she continued, "and stroking your forehead . . ."

He halted the car in front of the hotel with a vigorous yank at the emergency brake, and turned to her. "Look here, Nina. I want to talk to you."

She said guardedly, "What is it, Mr. Merrow?"

"Mr. Merrow be damned. My name is John, and I'm serious, Nina. Are you acquainted with the political situation in this town? Do you know what's really at stake in this election? Well, I'll tell you. This is our first chance in years to kick the Hon. Jim Stovey out of office. Old Stovey's been getting himself re-elected to Congress ever since I can remember, thanks to graft and pork-barrel politics, but last fall he crawled way out on the isolationist limb, and if we get the thinking element united in town, we can get rid of him and get some honest government around here for a change. You want that, don't you?"

She nodded. "Of course."

"That's why this campaign means so much. I'm not a politician. I'm just a country editor. But I'm willing to give up everything I've got, even see my paper go to hell, if I can lick Jim Stovey."

"We both want to lick him."

"But we can't both do it, Nina. That's just the point. If the decent element is split, Stovey gets in. This so-called reform ticket of yours, with its screwy Carrie Nation angle, is just enough to divide the vote and hand him the election." He lowered his voice earnestly. "That's why I'm asking you to back out before it's too late."

She stiffened suddenly. "Just why should I be the one to back out?"

"Because the election's important," impatiently. "It's more important than satisfying some selfish little personal vanity—"

"Of course," she said, controlling herself with an effort, "you wouldn't think of backing out yourself."

"This is a man's job, Nina," he said. "This isn't a job for a woman. "You're not meant for this kind of thing. You're not meant for politics—"

HER eyes were blazing. "Really? And what do you think I'm meant for?".

He stared at her. "This," he said suddenly, and pressed his lips to hers in a fierce kiss. He released her just as suddenly. She gasped, fumbled behind her for the handle of the door, and stumbled backward out of the car. For a moment she swayed uncertainly in the rain while she struggled to find her voice.

"John Merrow," she said in a hoarse whisper, "I've hated you ever since you were a little boy. I've hated you all my life. I think you're the most . . . you're absolutely the most . . ."

She turned and bolted into the hotel.

Lou Ernst looked up in amazement as she opened the door of the suite. She steadied herself against the doorjamb, her hat awry, a strand of blonde hair plastered wetly to her cheek. Her eyes were shining and the color was high in her face. Lou gazed speculatively at the lipstick smeared across her mouth, giving the effect of a blurred smile. "Who drove you home?" he inquired innocently.

"H'mm?" She gazed at him as though from a great distance. "My worthy opponent," she replied absently, and moved across the suite in a kind of trance and shut the door of her room.

Lou stared after her, and his eyes narrowed shrewdly. The outlines of an idea were forming in his mind. . . .

The Hon. James Stovey beamed through a pair of pince-nez attached to a long black ribbon and patted his corpulent mid-section with the flat of his palms. "An excellent point, Mr. Ernst," he nodded, "and I appreciate your bringing it to my attention. I shall use the information of course in my radio debate." He paused. "If there's any way I can repay you for your generosity . . ."

"If your speech goes over like I hope," said Lou, blinking cigarette smoke from his eyes, "I'll consider myself repaid ten per cent."

LOU'S face wore an expression of studied innocence, and he squinted obliquely about him at the heavily curtained walls of the broadcasting studio. In the center of the room a lone microphone reared cobralike at the end of a trailing black cable; and before this mike, his pince-nez glasses balanced on his nose, the Hon. James Stovey was reading in sonorous tones from a manuscript clutched in his fist.

". . . In times like these," he was saying, "we cannot trust our national destiny to an inexperienced amateur such as the grasping and self-seeking editor of our local paper . . ."

Lou's eye darted swiftly to the other two occupants of the studio. On one side of the speaker John Merrow sat in stony silence, awaiting his turn at the mike. On the other side Nina was clenching and unclenching her fists. Occasionally she glanced sharply at the Hon. James Stovey, Lou noted, and her eyes narrowed.

". . . Not only would this callow upstart sacrifice his country's very future to his own ambition." The Hon. Stovey glanced at Lou, and Lou nodded encouragement. "He is likewise a ruthless schemer, who has stopped at nothing in his contemptible efforts to force out of the race the charming young lady who is seated beside me tonight. . . ."

The Hon. Stovey turned and bowed courteously to Nina. Her face had suddenly gone white; she opened her mouth to speak, and shut it again. She gripped the sides of her chair. The cigarette butt glued to Lou's lower lip bobbed complacently.

". . . I have it on good authority," the Hon. Stovey continued, "that he has resorted to intimidations, threats, and even bribery in his despicable attempt to browbeat her—"

"You can't say that!" Nina sprang to her feet. "It isn't true." She grabbed the mike from the dumfounded Mr. Stovey, and shouted, "Don't you believe a word of it, ladies and gentlemen. John Merrow's sacrificing his paper and everything he's got for the sake of this town. He's the most . . . the most unselfish person I've ever known in my life. . . ."

She realized, too late, what she was saying. She avoided John Merrow's eyes and took a deep breath.

". . . And I'd like to take this opportunity," she concluded, "of announcing my own withdrawal from the race in favor of my worthy opponent."

THE gleaming eyes of the poster on the wall, inured to strange sights by now, gazed down upon a scene which left them for once distinctly glassy. A hurricane had swept the

(*Continued on page 46*)

KILLED

Factories have strict rules about wearing safety goggles. A spark or a splinter of steel flying upward could ruin this girl's eyes for life—might even kill her.

Not pretty, these new fashions for women war workers, but it's smart to wear them. They're the latest in respirators and eyeshields designed for industrial safety.

LAST summer a pretty young girl named Elsie Hoffman was working at a punch press in a big defense plant in Jersey City. It was hot and her safety cap was giving her a headache plus a pain in the neck. She thought it ruined her looks, too.

Though it was against the rules, Elsie removed it, shook out her hair. She felt freer; attacked her work with fresh courage and vigor.

A girl at a near-by machine called, "Hey, Elsie, naughty, naughty! Mustn't take off safety cap. Foreman spank!"

Elsie turned her head slightly, yelled a gibe.

That brought her hair, which was shoulder-length and bushy behind, into the field of static electricity generated by the belt on the machine she operated. Drawn by an invisible magnet, it reached out and tangled itself in the speeding slapping belt, pulling Elsie's head toward the whirring machinery. The harder it pulled, the harder Elsie pulled away.

Elsie screamed. The foreman was standing at an adjoining machine. He turned. He fainted from horror. He fell against his machine, his eye striking a protruding steel rod. He never saw with that eye again.

Elsie? She died, scalped, as several other women have been in approximately the same way—tragic casualties in the battle of production.

As the President pointed out recently, accidents are bleeding the nation when the nation must have all its blood. Arms, legs, lives are being wantonly lost that are needed for turning out the guns, tanks, and planes our soldiers should and must have. New pressures, new war emotions; millions of people taking on unaccustomed work at machinery—seen possibly for the first time—and accident figures are rising by the tens of thousands. What if it's only a cut finger and a twenty-minute visit to the plant infirmary? That twenty minutes could turn out a hundred cartridges, an important screw for a bomber, or even stall an important assembly line. That cut finger may eventually cause a soldier's death!

Since June, 1941, about 52,000 vital American workers have been cut down on the home front—that allegedly safe place—and grass grows green round their graves. Of these about 18,000 have died on the job. The rest have been killed off the job,

READING TIME ● 11 MINUTES

This is not for the squeamish, but if you're working in a hazardous job, read it—and don't say "It can't happen to me"!

BY TED SHANE

CTION ON THE HOME FRONT

He may look like a robot or some strange creature from Mars, but he's safe behind his helmet. An arc welder without one could be a dead arc welder in no time at all.

mostly in motor accidents. Four million have suffered injuries, anywhere from a small cut to the loss of a limb; 170,000 have received permanent disabilities. All this adds up to the appalling loss of 480,000,000 man-days (plus about $4,000,000,000 cost). Enough, the statisticians point out, to build the combined capital-ship strength of the British and American navies and heaven knows how many fleets of Flying Fortresses and tanks.

How do these terrible things happen? In thousands of ways, which all boil down to carelessness. As a prominent safety engineer puts it, "All accidents are avoidable. All it takes is permanent vigilance. Care!"

President Roosevelt, by proclamation, recently called upon the National Safety Council to "mobilize its nation-wide resources in leading a concerted and intensified campaign against accidents"; and American business and industry, led by William A. Irvin, former president of the United States Steel Corporation, has organized to collect and apply a $5,000,000 War Production Fund to Conserve Manpower. A new safety campaign is under way which aims to reduce the total annual accident toll that has been draining our man power just when we need it all.

One of the most stringent rules now in force in factories where the air is filled with almost as many flying missiles as a battlefield is that the worker must wear safety goggles. Before their use about 5,000 eyes were lost every year.

There was Joe Harrison, who ground metal parts in an airplane factory down South. A nice fellow with a wife and three children, Joe could actually do the work of three men. His mistake was to try to do the work of four. He could work faster if he removed his safety glasses. "Hell," he argued, "the chips never fly up, anyway—they fly down!"

He'd wait until the plant safety engineer had disappeared around the bend and then he'd slide his glasses up on his forehead and really bear down. One afternoon there was a muffled groan, barely heard above the whir of the machinery, and Joe fell, clutching at his eye, a stream of blood coursing down his cheek. But the steel splinter that had eccentrically shot up instead of down didn't just blind Joe. Sharper than a bullet, and almost as fast, it penetrated his eye socket, then the brain. A swell guy, father, and craftsman was lost; a life wasted on a careless battlefield!

Not that the loss is always eyesight or life. A man cutting steel plate with an oxyacetylene torch will push his light-neutralizing goggles up on his brow to give his eyes a "rest." Everything will be all right for a while. Then that intense blue-white light point will somehow blitz its way into his optic nerve. He gets what the torch welders call a "flash"; that is, his eyes won't close for days and nights afterward. Just stay frozen open. Recently a giant punch press jammed, and its operator, instead of summoning the mechanics, inserted his head into the monster's jaw to see what was wrong. Unfortunately he sneezed. His foot jarred the trip lever on the floor, and before he could snatch his head out it was crushed.

Loose clothing is strictly forbidden in all plants, yet men bending over whirling shafts and belts will wear ties. Somehow the machine's inhuman fingers grasp the dangling end, drawing the wearer irresistibly toward its steel grinders, mauling his face terribly or choking him to death if he pulls back. Plant doctors call rings finger amputators. Machines have a weakness for snatching at them. As for thin or flapping soles, the former

Even a slight accident means time out for first aid—and a hold-up in production.

can cause a serious cut and infection if the wearer steps on sharp scrap; the latter can trip its owner and throw him to death on a buzzing saw.

There is no excuse for the worker who swings a safety guard aside. Yet one company found their men just wouldn't learn that great steel shears cut through flesh and bone as easily as through metal. Hence this company had its safety engineers devise a machine that took three men to operate. All three have to work in unison. It takes six hands on six control buttons to work the machine. Thus far nothing's happened.

Just failure to be neat is poisonous. An electric-light cable thrown carelessly in the path of factory traffic, a floor left greasy with machine-oil drippings, an overhead leak—and a man hurrying along may trip and go skidding to destruction. A squirt of tobacco juice has caused a slip and a broken back. Think of the Normandie and those inflammable lifebelts left lying within the range of flying acetylene torch sparks!

Recently a worker racked up a lot of heavy shells without regard for properly placed wedges. The pile grew and grew, and then, being a baseless pyramid, began to wobble and slide. The worker tried frantically to unpile it in time, but down it slid, crushing his legs. Countless accidents have happened from such careless piling.

And then ladders! A man I know did painting in a defense factory in Bridgeport, Connecticut, perched on a tall one. One afternoon the safety man stationed at the bottom of the ladder slipped off for a quick smoke. No sooner had he disappeared than one of those indoor electric trucks came ripping around the corner. Trying to bend around the ladder, the truck driver nudged it slightly. It capsized and sent my friend diving twenty feet to the hard floor.

Workers with an excess of energy and a playful desire to romp have done great damage to their fellow men. Recently a group of men knocked off for the day and rushed down to the washroom to clean up. Playfully they raced along a basement corridor, pushing and tripping each other. As a joke, one of them slammed a door in a co-worker's face. The door had glass in it and it wasn't safety glass. It splintered into a thousand flying fragments and cut the victim's face horribly. His friend was horrified, but he could neither give back the man's sight nor replace the time lost on the assembly line, badly upset by this innocent jape!

WHILE women tend to be more careful than men, feminine vanity causes trouble. Though forbidden to do so, many a damsel wears high heels around the plant, then trips on something and nose-dives to destruction. Loose sleeves and wide-flanged skirts hook on protruding machinery and do ghastly things to arms and legs. Pretty legs, incidentally, have been known to cause men workers to turn their heads a fraction of a second as they flashed by, which in turn has caused these men to catch their hands in whirling blades. But lots of girls hate to wear slacks.

Up around New England thousands of women are used to drop fuses into shell noses. A certain Sally Pelladini was very good at this work, but it happened that often the fuses would get temperamental. They'd go part way in—then jam.

Then, instead of properly shaking out the fuse and trying over again, Sally and her fellow workers would insert their forefingers and prod the fuse into place. It worked until one day when there was a light explosion, followed by screams. When the smoke cleared, Sally was minus an important finger on her right hand. Well, she only wanted to get more shells to our boys! And, oh yes, wanted to make more money, for she was on piecework and, like many thousands of defense workers, not earning a bank president's salary.

For every fatality at the machine, two take place on the way to it. Speeding to a plant in Seattle recently, a passenger car carelessly sidewiped one of those monster tractor-trailers carrying gasoline. Seven war workers died—the truck and its precious contents were destroyed by fire. You can probably match this with a dozen similar tragedies.

YOU can die because you've quarreled with your wife, or because you're worried about the kid.

Steve Bonner's little Barbara needed glasses, he knew; but when she took a notion to catwalk on a spiked fence he egged her on. Barbara fell off and fractured her skull and both legs. She lay in a cast for twelve days, between life and death, and Steve stayed beside her. Meanwhile his machine stood idle, for Steve was irreplaceable. Barbara recovered, but a lot of precision bomb sights were kept from our bombers.

Accidents are not all caused by worker negligence. The records show that only 25,000 out of our 196,000 war plants have installed safety devices or educated their workers to caution. Thousands of plants have gruesome sanitary conditions. Millions of work hours are lost for lack of attention to simple cuts to prevent infection often leading to amputation. Thousands of second-hand machines are in use, poorly adapted to the work they must do and often badly arranged, so that a worker carrying a heavy piece of casing may bump into one machine, bounce into another, and lose his life.

Some of the new machines are poorly constructed and carelessly inspected, if at all. Down South they installed a gigantic steam engine in a lumber mill making ship's keels. The engine flywheel couldn't stand the strain on its innards. So it exploded, killing two valuable men, injuring five, and tearing out the factory wall.

Worn-out cables on cranes and derricks have a way of snapping with the war strain. Two men in an Eastern shipyard were recently hit by a big smokestack that fell when a cable broke. Decapitations are common on faulty assembly lines. Lots of fathers and husbands have been electrocuted by faulty worn-out insulation of power cables and open fuse boxes. Downright criminal was the owner who dug a hole in his cement factory floor in the wrong place and then covered it up with a board. The board eventually rotted, a worker hurrying by tripped over it, broke his leg, and fell against the unguarded gears of a boring mill used to grind out hollows in big chunks of metal. Luckily he fell clear of the gear belt, also unguarded by the usual mesh-wire guard, or he mightn't be around today.

GENERALLY speaking, the great capital or so-called heavy industries have the best records for safety. Long ago the big steel plants had so many accidents that the undertakers around Gary and other steel towns built their funeral homes right against the plant walls and competed for trade. This was known as the famous Undertakers' War. The steel tycoons went to work to lick the accident problem, and did.

Just occasionally now you hear of a man slipping and tumbling into one of those great steel-plate rolling machines that flatten ingots into armor plate. You hear but rarely of a smelter worker, exhausted by the extreme heat and fatigue, falling over a guard rail into a giant potful of melted "soup," as the steel workers call the molten ore.

Those who have made a lifetime study of the matter insist that accidents are not, like death and taxes, inevitable. They are 100 per cent preventable. Safety engineers have devised countless preventives. But they insist that the employer must assume the responsibility of educating the worker, especially in this urgent hour.

"If the worker then ducks his responsibility and refuses to wear his safety helmet, goggles, or shoes, he should be docked," says one of the nation's leading safety engineers. "If the employer fails to install these or neglects to educate his men, he should be fined. . . . Accidents won't happen to the men who say they don't have to happen. Lives and time saved on the battlefields at home save lives on the battlefields abroad! Accidents are only a state of mind!"

He's right. Accidents can be licked. Up to last June a great plant that made giant casings for tanks was having trouble getting men to wear those big leaden safety shoes. Lots of toes and feet were being chewed off. This safety engineer was called in.

A few mornings later, a worker found an artificial leg propped against his workbench.

"What's this?" he asked, horrified.

"It's yours," replied the safety man, stepping out from behind a near-by machine. "You're going to need it, you know, if you leave off your safety shoes, as you did yesterday!"

P. S. There hasn't been a leg accident in the plant since.

THE END

TO THE LADIES

BY PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

"LEGS were all they knew about," says Wayne Le Van, who had to educate the public when he started his chain of stores selling poultry in parts. His business success is unusual and interesting. If you like only the breast, you *buy* only breasts; the same goes for other parts of the fowl. "People know what to do with legs," he says, "or with the whole bird, but not with the separate parts of chickens, turkeys, ducks. I had to find salesmen who could explain and teach, even give cooking advice. We've spread a good deal of chicken and turkey information. People still don't know much about ducks." . . . J. P. Morgan takes medium-priced fowls to make fricassee for the bank's private dining room where partners and employees lunch. Macy's department store uses 3,200 legs at a time to feed the help. Chinese want wings, hearts, gizzards. Colored people absorb an enormous amount of chicken, mostly legs for frying. Italians buy backs and necks for soup. Park Avenue takes breasts and livers. Jewish people are wise poultry buyers. Wayne Le Van does his largest trade around the Jewish holidays. . . . A farmer himself, he put his idea up to his Pennsylvania Dutch neighbors before launching it. They said, "Sure enough. If you want pork chops you don't buy the whole hog. Why not poultry in parts?" A year ago Mr. Le Van opened two stores, calling them Oak Valley Farms. Now he has fifteen. Bachelor girls often ask how to do a chicken snack in the kitchenette for the boy friend. Next day they come in and report how the party turned out.

HERE is Mr. Le Van's pet recipe for that classic American Sunday dish, *Stewed Chicken with Dumplings*: Cut a stewing chicken into portions for serving; place in kettle and partly cover with water. Add 1 small onion, pepper and salt, and cook until tender, from 2½ to 3 hours. For the dumplings mix 1 cup sifted flour with 2 teaspoons baking powder, ½ cup milk, 1 chopped sprig parsley, salt to taste. Make the batter thick and drop spoonfuls into the boiling chicken broth. Cover tight and cook 20 minutes without raising lid. Place chicken on platter and surround with dumplings.

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES

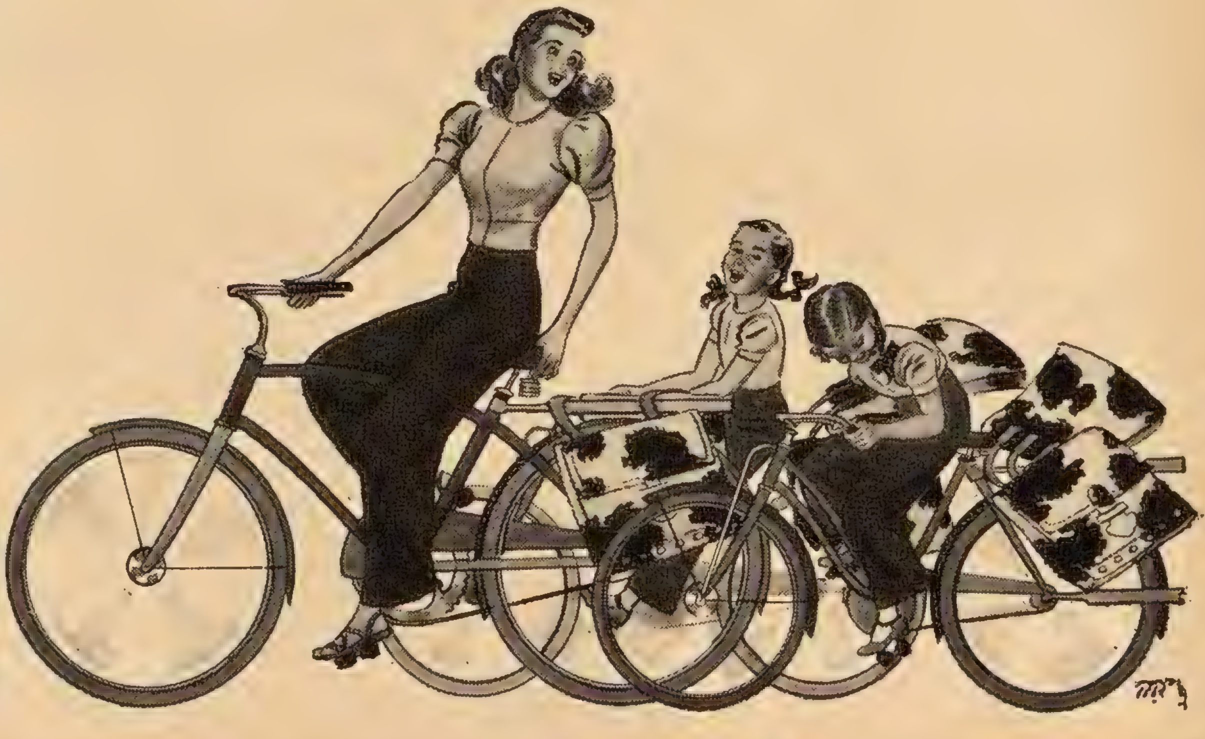
FRIEND of mine got the thrill of her life while redecorating an old farmhouse, for when layers of paper were stripped from a bedroom wall there was revealed a tiny cupboard containing an unfinished piece of crochet work and a diary of eighty years ago. In the diary were a recipe for pumpkin-chip preserves and a description of a Thanksgiving dinner from which, it says, "Elizabeth Ellen ran off and married the stranger from Ohio." . . . My friend who found the diary had a grandmother named Elizabeth Ellen! Now she is searching family history to see if it's the same one who eloped on Thanksgiving Day.

THRIFTILY in step with the times, Dorothy Lamour of glamour fame has had last year's dresses made over for this year's wardrobe. Sew a 3-inch ribbon—crimson, green, or purple—under the hem of your plain black dress, ½ inch of ribbon to show; then along the shoulder seams put three stripes of the same color ribbon in a narrow width. . . . To any dark dress add half-moon pockets of bright-colored velvet and a turnover collar. Spot the pockets with tassels to match the dress. . . . Transform an evening gown with long sleeves of sequin-spangled net. Wear a twisted turban to match the sleeves.

WARTIME sights and side lights: . . . Mother and two daughters wheeling along a city street on bikes, each with a pair of pinto-hide Western saddlebags lashed to the rear rack. . . . Makers of our new rubberless corsets have learned we average from an inch and a half to three inches thicker-waisted sitting down than standing up. . . . Fuel authorities warn us not to let fresh-air fiends waste too much house heat.

VIRGINIA MUSSELMAN has prepared an excellent booklet, Home Play in Wartime, for the National Recreation Association. Included are quiet games, active games, table pastimes, hobbies, porch and back-yard sports, etc. (Distributed by the Office of Emergency Management, Office of Defense Health and Welfare Services, Washington, D. C.)

THAT *we* once had a regular mating season, same as elk, bears, chipmunks, etc., is now believed likely by a group of Boston scientists investigating times of birth. They think so because year after year more babies are born in summer than in winter, with September and August the two big birth months, and November the smallest. Figure it out and you'll see that winter, *not* spring, must have been our old mating season.



Deliberately, Templar walks into a trap—and meets a ruthless enemy, face to face

THE SAINT

BY LESLIE CHARTERIS

ILLUSTRATED BY AL SCHMIDT

SIMON TEMPLAR (the Saint), sometimes called the "Robin Hood of modern times," worsted some ruffians who tried to kidnap Madeline Gray in Washington—and thereby became involved in another of his perilous adventures. Madeline's father, Calvin Gray, had invented a synthetic rubber which he was trying to give to the government, but some agency was trying to prevent him from getting to the right people. Strange accidents had occurred at his Connecticut laboratory, Madeline had received a warning note—and now this attempted kidnaping.

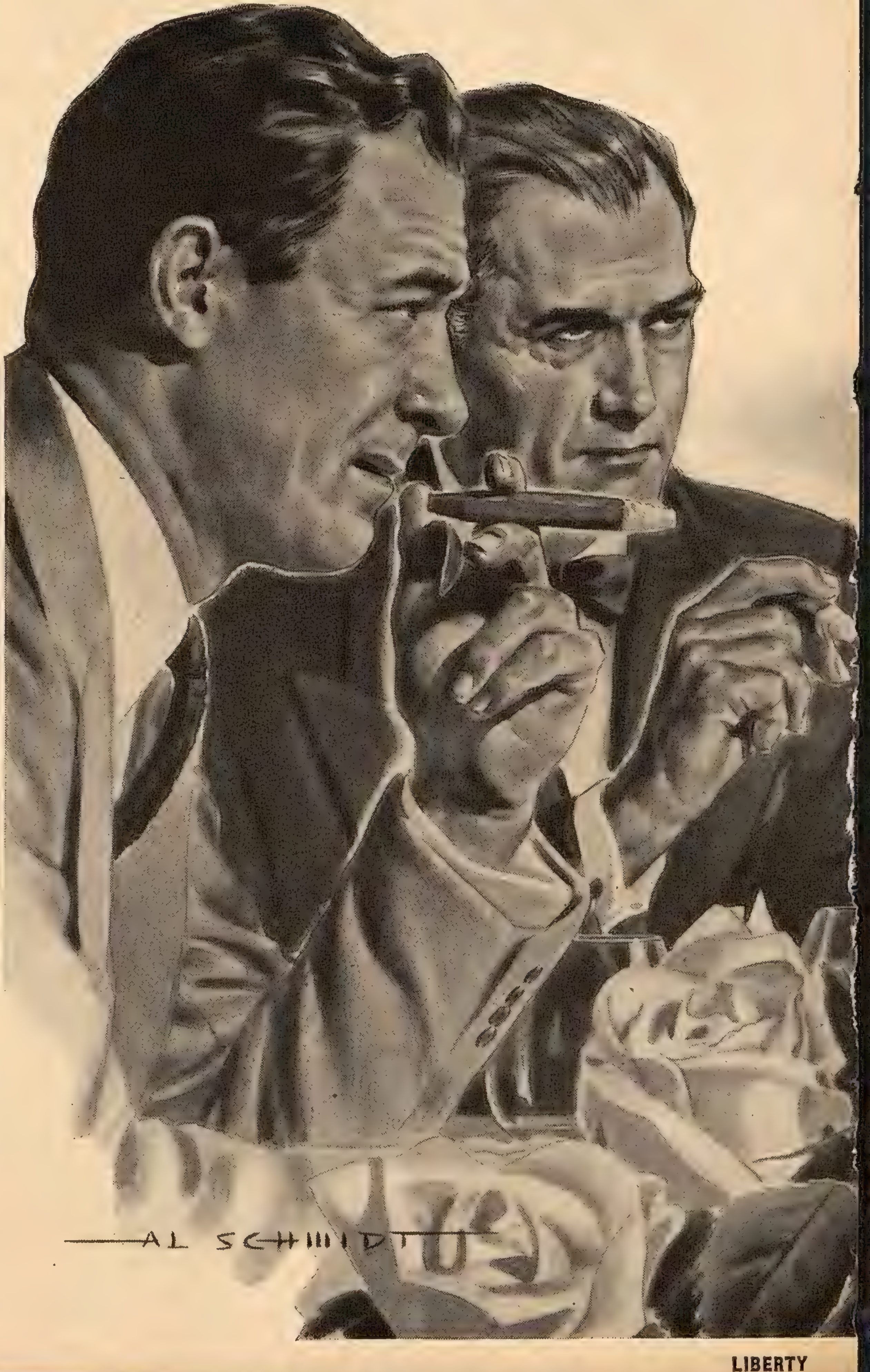
The Saint took Madeline to his suite for a drink and something else happened: A bullet whizzed through the window and narrowly missed his head. He immediately made plans to fly with Madeline that night to her father's home in Stamford, but before he left he had a beautiful caller—who interested him for more reasons than her looks. She was Andrea Quennel, daughter of Hobart Quennel of the Quennel Chemical Company. She pretended that her visit was prompted by a desire to meet the famous Saint, but he was wary of accepting her at her own valuation. She might be interested in Gray's rubber formula.

When the Saint and Madeline arrived at Stamford, the Grays' house and the laboratory were safe and in order, but Calvin Gray was nowhere to be found. Simon called in the F. B. I. to investigate. Then he went to a Stamford hotel to get some information which had been sent there for him by one of his aides. Coming out, he met Andrea Quennel, who asked him to dine with her father and herself at their house in Westport. He declined; but when he went back to the Grays' and found that Madeline had disappeared, and after he had read the information in the bulky envelope he had picked up at the hotel, he changed his mind, and rang up Andrea to accept her invitation.

PART FOUR—"I BEEN SAVING THIS FOR YOU, BUD"

MR. HOBART QUENNEL looked no more like a millionaire than any other millionaire, and probably he was just as secretly proud of the fact as any other up-to-date millionaire. He was, Simon Templar reflected when he saw him, a modern refutation of the old crude Communist caricatures of a capitalist.

He was physically a fairly big and well built man, with his daughter's fair hair sprinkled with gray and balding back from his forehead, and the same pale blue inexpressive eyes. But he gave no impression of being either frightening or furtive, for in these days of higher education it is no longer so easy as it may once have been to bludgeon the crisp cabbage out of the public purse, and a man who looks either frightening or furtive has too many strikes against him when he bids for the big bullion. His face was smooth and bony without being cadaverous, so that its fundamental hardness was calm and without strain. His



READING TIME ● 26 MINUTES

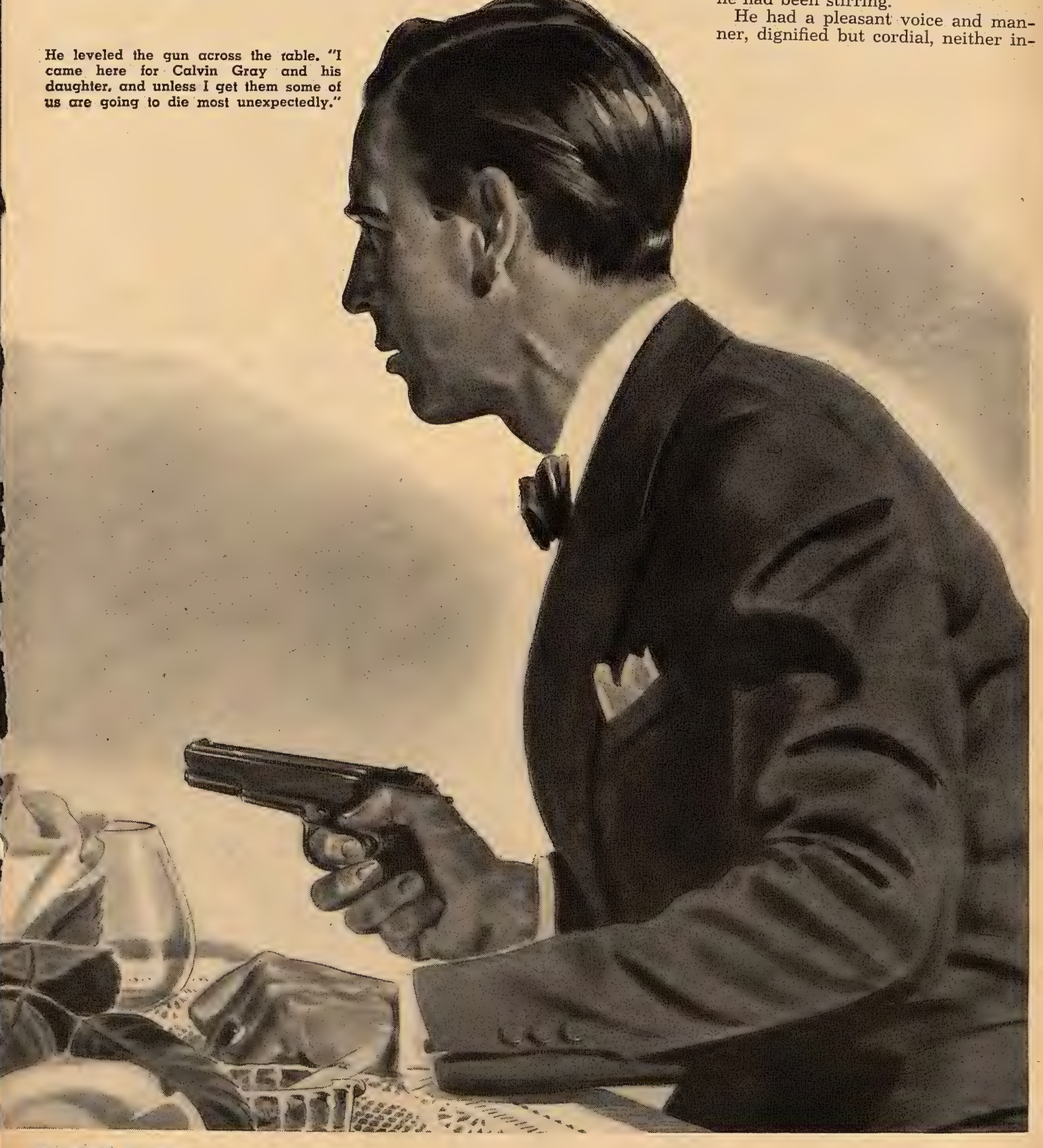
STEPS IN

clothes were good when you noticed them, but it was just as easy not to notice them at all.

He had no softening around the middle, for that mode is also out of fashion among millionaires, who are conspicuous among sedentary workers for being able to afford all the trainers and masseurs and golf clubs and other exercising appliances that can be prescribed to restrain the middle-aged equator. He was that new and fascinating evolution of the primitive tycoon who simply worked at the job of being a millionaire as unexcitedly as other men worked at the job of being bricklayers, and probably with no more grandiose ideas of his place in the engine of civilization. It was just a job in which you weighed different factors and did different things in different ways, and you had a different wage scale and standard of living; but then, bricklayers were different again from cowboys, but they didn't confuse their personal reactions by thinking about cowboys.

He shook hands with the Saint, and said: "I'm very glad to meet you," and poured Martinis from the shaker he had been stirring.

He had a pleasant voice and manner, dignified but cordial, neither in-



He leveled the gun across the table. "I came here for Calvin Gray and his daughter, and unless I get them some of us are going to die most unexpectedly."

JIMMY CABORN

"Our new butler used to work for Paramount News!"

gratiating nor domineering. He had the soothing confidence of a man who didn't need to ask favors, or to go out of his way to offer them. He was a guy you could like.

Simon Templar liked him in his own way, and felt just as comfortable. He sat down on the sofa beside Andrea Quennel, and crossed his long legs, and said: "This is quite a place you have here."

"Like it?" She sounded as if she wanted it to be liked, as if it were a new dress. "But I think you'd like Pinehurst much more. I do. It's more sort of outdoorsy."

She looked as sort of outdoorsy as an orchid. She wore one of those house-coat-dinner-dress effects that would get by anywhere between a ballroom and a boudoir and still always have a faint air of belonging somewhere else. It had a high strapped Grecian bodice line that did sensational things for her sensational torso. She had opened the door when he arrived, and it had seemed to him that her classic face and melting receptive mouth were like candy in a confectioner's window, lovely and desirable but without volition. He knew now that this was a fault of his own perception, but he was still inching his way through the third dimension that had to bring the whole picture into sudden life and clarity.

There was one other person who had to be there to complete the pattern, and a few minutes later he came in, looking very much freshly scrubbed and brushed, in a plain blue suit that was a little tight around the chest and biceps, so that he had some of the air of a stevedore dressed up in his Sunday best. Mr. Quennel patted him on the shoulder and said: "Hullo, Walter. . . . You've met Mr. Templar, haven't you?"

"I certainly have." Walter Devan shook hands with a cordial grin. "I didn't know who I was picking a fight with at that time, though, or I'd have been more careful about butting in."

"I'm glad you weren't," Simon said just as cordially, "or you might have done much too good a job."

"What do you think about the news from Russia?" Quennel asked.

SO it was to be played like that. And the Saint was quite ready to go along with it that way. Perhaps he even preferred it. He had quite a little background to fill in, and in it he knew that there were things which were important to his philosophy, even if any one else would have found them incidental.

He lighted a cigarette and relaxed, and for the first time since the beginning of the episode he knew that it had a significance far beyond any simple violence that might come out of it.

They had another drink. And dinner. It was not a lavish dinner, but just quietly excellent, served by a butler whose presence didn't keep reminding you of the dignity of having a butler. There was not a dazzling display of silver and crystal on the table. They drank, without discussion or fanfares, an excellent Fountaingrove Sonoma Cabernet. Everything had the cachet of a man to whom luxury was as natural and essential as a daily bath, without making a DeMille sequence out of it.

"I think you'll like Pinehurst, if Andrea takes you down there," Quennel said. "I just got a couple of new strings of polo ponies from Buenos Aires. You might be able to try them out for me. Do you play polo?"

"A bit," said the Saint, who had once had a six-goal rating.

"I can't wait to get down there myself," said Quennel. "But Washington never stops conspiring against me."

"I imagine the war has something to do with it, too."

Quennel nodded.

"It has made us pretty important," he said deprecatingly. "We were doing quite all right before, but wartime requirements are making us expand very considerably. Of course we're working about ninety-five per cent on government orders now. But after the war we'll really have the advantage of a tremendous amount of building and plant expansion, as well as some new technical experience."

"All of which the government, meaning the people, will have given you and paid for," Simon observed sympathetically.

"Yes." Quennel accepted it quite directly and disarmingly. "We don't expect to do any profiteering at this time, and in any case the tax system wouldn't let us, but in the end we shall get our return—fundamentally in improved methods and increased capital values, which good management will turn back into income."

Simon made idle mosaics with a fork in the things on his plate; and presently he said: "How have you been making out with labor problems in your field?"

"We really don't have any labor trouble. All our plants are in the South, of course, where you get less of that sort of thing than anywhere else. Labor is always a bit of a problem in these days, but I honestly think it only boils down to knowing how to handle your employees. How about it, Walter? That's your headache."

"QUENCO pays as good wages as any other industry in our areas," Devan said ruggedly. "And I think we do as much to look after our people as any other firm you can mention. We have our own health insurance, and our own group clinics. We organize all kinds of social and athletic clubs for them—we even build their homes and finance them."

"That," said the Saint, "is the sort of thing that makes some of the things one hears so puzzling."

"What things?"

"I mean some of the rumors—you must have heard them—about your private Gestapo and that kind of talk."

Devan smiled with his strong confident mouth.

"Of course we have our private plant investigators. You couldn't possibly handle thousands of employees without them. But when they aren't looking for cases of petty larceny and organized laziness, which you have to contend with in any outfit as big as ours, they're mostly just keeping in touch with the morale of the staff. That's the only way we can really insure against trouble, by anticipating it before it comes."

"That's one of the crosses we have to bear," Quennel said. "I'd like to know any other company that hasn't been smeared with the same gossip."

"I suppose so," Simon agreed flexibly. "But it must be specially tough when there's an accident they can hang it on. Like those union organizers who got killed in the riot at Mobile last year, for instance."

Devan made a blunt admissive movement of his head.

"Things like that are bound to happen sometimes. It was too bad it had to be us. But some of our people have been with us a long time, and you'd be surprised what a strong feeling they've got about the company. When some cheap racketeering rabble-rousers come around trying to stir up trouble, they can't help getting sore, and then somebody may get hurt."

"After all," Quennel said, "we aren't fighting a war against Fascism to make the country safe for the Communists. We're fighting for liberty and democracy, and that automatically means that we're also fighting to preserve the kind of social stability that liberty and democracy have built up in this country."

"What particular kind of social stability were you thinking of?" Simon asked.

"I mean a proper and progressive relationship between capital and labor. I don't believe in labor run wild. No sensible man does. Without any revolutions, we've been slowly improving the conditions and standards of labor, but we haven't disrupted our economic framework to do it. We believe that all men were created free and equal, but we admit that they don't all develop equal abilities. Therefore, for a long time to come there are bound to be great masses of people who need to be restrained and controlled and brought along gradually. We don't need storm troopers and concentration camps to do it, because we have a sound economic system which obtains the same results in a much more civilized way. But we do have to recognize, and we do tacitly recognize, that we can't do without a strong and capable executive class who can nurse these masses along and feed them their rights in reasonable doses."

THERE was a weird fascination, a hypnotic rationality about the discussion, in those terms and at that moment, with everything that was tied up with it and looming over it, which had a certain dreamlike quality that was weirder because it was not a dream. But the Saint would not have let it break up uncompleted even if he could.

He said, in exactly the same way as he had listened: "I wonder if it's only what you might call the lower classes who need nursing along."

"Who else are you thinking of?"

"I'm thinking of what the same terminology would call the upper classes. I suppose—the people that you and I both spend a lot of our time with. I wonder, for instance, if they've got just as clear an idea that there's a war on and what it's all about."

"I should say they've got just as clear an idea."

"I wish I were so sure," said the Saint out of that same detachment. "I've looked at them. I've tried to get a feeling about them. They buy War Bonds. They submit to having their sugar rationed. They wonder how they're going to keep up with their taxes. They grumble and connive a bit about tires and gasoline. They read the newspapers and become barroom strategists. Some of them have been put out of business—just as some of them have found new bonanzas. Some of them have been closer to the draft than others. But it still isn't real."

"I think it's very real."

"It isn't real. Thousands of men dying in some bloody Russian swamp are just newspaper figures. Prisoners being tortured and mutilated and bayoneted in the Far East are just good horror reading, like a good thriller from the library. They haven't been hurt themselves. It's going to be all right. The war is expensive and inconvenient, but it's all going to be taken care of eventually. That's what we pay taxes for."

"Everybody can't do the fighting," said Devan. "In these days it takes—I forget the exact statistics, but I read them somewhere—something like ten people working at home to keep one soldier at the front."

"BUT the people behind the lines have to feel just as sure as the soldier that they're in a war. They've got to feel that the whole course and purpose of their lives has been changed, just as his has—and you don't feel that just from getting by on one pound of sugar a week. They've got to have something that the people of England have got, because their war was never thousands of miles away. It's something that you only get from going hungry, and walking in the dark at night, and hearing things go bang in your back yard, and seeing the things you've grown up with destroyed, and watching your friends die. That's when you know you're really in a war.

"There isn't that feeling here yet. I think there are still too many people who think you can fight total war on a basis of golf as usual every Saturday and nothing must be allowed to interfere with our dear old social stability. Particularly the people who ought to be leading in the opposite direction. Particularly," said the Saint carefully, "the wrong people."

Quennel made a slight impatient gesture. "I can't think where you'd get that impression. Where have you been lately?"

"I was in Florida for a while. And then I was in New York for a couple of weeks."

"And in New York I suppose you go to the Stork Club and 21 and places like that."

"I don't live there, but I've been to them. They seem to be doing all right."

Quennel raised his shoulders triumphantly. "Then of course you'd get a wrong impression. The class of people you find in those places—in Miami Beach and Palm Beach and New York night clubs—they're a class that this war is going to wipe out completely. They're dead now, but they don't know it."

He settled back confidently, efficiently, and took a cigar from the box which the unobtrusive butler was passing. He lighted it and tasted it approvingly, and said: "I'm glad I remembered to keep some of these locked up."

"Mice or pixies?" Simon inquired.

"Just Andrea's friends," Quennel said tolerantly. "She throws parties for them up here all the time, and they go through the place like locusts. She had one only a week ago, and they drank up thirty cases of champagne, and that wasn't enough. They got into the cellar and finished half a dozen bottles of Benedictine I was saving."

IT came upon the Saint like the deep tolling of a bell in the far distance, like the resonance of an alarum that he had known about and been waiting for, and yet which had to be actually heard before it could compress the diaphragm and be felt throbbing out along the veins. But he knew now that this was it, and that it was the last of everything that had been missing, and that now he had seen all of his dragon, and he knew all the ugliness and the evil of it, and it was a bigger and sleeker dragon than he had ever seen before.

He bent his head for a moment so that it should not show in his face before he was quite ready, while it went through him as light would have gone through his eyes. Hobart Quennel must have felt that there was an implied submission in his withdrawal, because Simon could feel it in the way Quennel settled himself back in his chair and told the butler to bring in brandy, the solid good humor of a man who has made a rightful point.

But when Simon looked up he looked at Andrea, who had been silent for a long while, only following the argument with her eyes from face to face. She was the one person who until then had been physically in the picture more than either of the two men, and yet she had never been a fixed part of the composition. He wondered whether she ever would have any such place, or whether it was only an insatiable artistic sense of his own that made him imagine that she should have found one.

He said lightly: "You must know a lot of gay people."

"I like parties," she said. She added, almost defiantly: "I like the Stork Club, too. I don't see how it's going to help us win the war if everybody sits around being miserable."

But she went on looking at the Saint, and her eyes were still like windows opening on to an empty sky.

Quennel smiled indulgently and said: "It's pretty cool tonight. Why don't you go and get a fire started in the library, and we'll join you in a few minutes."

She got up. "Don't forget you had something you wanted to tell Simon," she said to her father.

"No—I was just thinking of that."

She had to look at the Saint again before she went out.

"Daddy always wants to have his own way," she said rather vaguely. "Don't let him keep you here forever."

"I won't," said the Saint with a last upward glance. Then the door closed behind her, and he was alone with one last sudden disturbing question in his mind, but quite alone, like a fighter when the gong sounds and the seconds disappear through the ropes. He knew that this was the gong, and the preliminary routines were over; and he knew just what he was fighting, and all his senses were keyed and calm and ice-cold. He turned to Quennel easily and murmured:

"Andrea did say you had something to tell me."

Quennel trimmed his cigar on the ash tray in front of him.

"Yes," he said. "Andrea told me you were taking an interest in Calvin Gray's synthetic rubber, so I thought you'd like to know. Gray showed me a sample of it not long ago, as I think Walter told you. I had a report on it from my chief chemist today." He settled even more safely and positively in his chair. "I'm afraid Calvin Gray is a complete fraud."

SIMON'S right hand rested on the table in front of him like a bronze casting set on stone, and he watched the smoke rising from his cigarette like a pastel stroke against the dark wood.

"You had a specimen analyzed?" he asked.

"Yes. I don't know whether you know it, but that kind of analysis is one of the most difficult things in the world to do. In fact, a lot of people would say it was almost impossible. But I've got some rather unusual men on my staff."

"Did you ever see it made?" Simon asked slowly.

"No."

"I have."

"Can you describe the process?"

Simon gave a rough description of what he had seen. He knew that it was technically meaningless, and admitted it.

"That doesn't matter," said Quennel. "I'm sure you can see now where the trick was worked."

"You mean in the enclosed electrical gadget, I suppose."

"Naturally." Quennel chuckled. "I'm surprised that a fellow like you wouldn't have caught on to it at once. It's just a dressed-up topical version of those old swindles where the man has a machine that prints dollar bills or has a formula for making diamonds."

"But why should a man like Calvin Gray go in for anything like that?"

"Do you know Calvin Gray?"

"Not personally. But I've checked on him, and his reputation is quite special."

"But, as I understand it, you haven't even seen him. All you've met is a pretty girl with a story."

"I've been to his house."

"How do you know it was his house? Because the girl took you there and told you it was?"

"Who's Who gives his residence as Stamford, Connecticut."

"I suppose that would be the only residence there."

The Saint's blue gaze was meditative and unimpassioned.

"Mind you," said Quennel, "I'm not necessarily suggesting that that's the answer. It isn't impossible. It takes a big man to put over a big fraud."

"But why should Gray bother? I understand he was well enough off already."

"Who did you get that from? From the same source—from his daughter—or from the girl who said she was his daughter?"

Simon Templar took one more measured breath at his cigarette and said: "I don't know how much you claim to know, but you may have heard that in Washington last night there was an attempt to kidnap Madeline Gray, or the girl who calls herself Madeline Gray. Mr. Devan was there."

I WONDER

How many parents
Have persuaded
Offspring not to
Do as they did?

—*EVELYNE LOVE COOPER.*

DEVAN nodded. "That's right. Only I didn't know it was a kidnaping attempt until Andrea gave us the idea after she'd talked to you."

"If it ever was a kidnaping attempt," said Quennel. "Or couldn't it have been part of the same build-up, staged for your benefit, to help make the case look important to you?"

The Saint had an odd ludicrous feeling of being a feed man, of offering properly baited hooks to fish who had personally chosen the bait. But he had to hear all the answers; he had to see the whole scene played through.

"You wouldn't have heard it," he said, "but it seems as if Calvin Gray really was kidnaped yesterday. At any rate, either he or the man who is being talked about is missing." He paused casually. "I've already called in the F. B. I. about it."

There was silence for a moment. It had a curious negative quality, as if it were more than a mere incidental absence of sound and movement, as if it would have absorbed and neutralized any sound or movement there had been.

"What about the girl?" Devan asked; and Simon met his crinkly deep-set eyes.

"Since this afternoon," he said expressionlessly, "she seems to be missing too."

There was only a barely perceptible flicker of stillness this time, as if a movie projector had stuck on the same frame for two or three extra spins of the shutter. And then Hobart Quennel moved a little and drank some brandy, and raised one shoulder to settle his forearm more comfortably on the arm of his chair.

"PROBABLY it was your calling in the F. B. I. that did that," he said. "That would have been a complication they weren't expecting."

"Why?"

"You always had a reputation—forgive me, I'm not being personal, but, after all, we all read newspapers—for being a sort of lone wolf. So the last thing they'd have expected was that you'd take your troubles to any of the authorities. In fact, I'm a little surprised about it myself."

"These aren't quite the same times," said the Saint quietly. "And perhaps a few things have changed for me as they have for every one else."

Quennel laughed a little, his sound, sure, confident laugh.

"Anyway," he said, "probably you scared them, and now they're organizing a nice neat getaway. You can take it that the whole deal was crooked from the beginning anyhow, whatever the minor details were. . . . Very possibly the real Calvin Gray will turn up in a day or two and be as puzzled as any one. . . . It doesn't really make a lot of difference, does it?"

"It makes a difference," said the Saint, and his voice was chill and even. "I go after crooks."

Hobart Quennel's slight deep engaging chuckle came again like a breath from the south, and now it was warmer and surer than ever, and there was no uncertainty at all left behind in it, and it could soothe you and blot the search and the questioning and the fight out of you like the breeze rustling through southern palms; and it was right, it had to be right, because nothing could be wrong that was so friendly and permanent and sure.

"I know," he said. "But you just said it yourself: These aren't the same times, and everybody changes. This Gray business will take care of itself now. If you've already called in the F. B. I., it's sure to. It's in good hands. It's none of my business, but I can't really see you wasting any more time on it. It wouldn't do you justice."

"What would?" Simon asked.

Quennel turned his cigar again.

"Well, frankly, I've read a lot about you and I've often thought that you weren't doing yourself justice, even before the war. Not that I haven't enjoyed your exploits. But it's always seemed to me that a man with your mind and your abilities could have achieved so much more. . . . You know, sometimes I've wondered whether a man like you mayn't have been suffering from some mistaken ideas about business. I don't mean selling things over the counter in a hardware store. I mean the kind of business that I do."

"Perhaps I don't know enough about it."

"I assure you it can be just as great an adventure, in its own way, as anything you've ever done. A great corporation is like a little empire. Its relations with other corporations and industries are like the relations between empires. You have diplomacy, alliances, feuds, espionage, and wars. Quite often you have to step right through ordinary laws and restrictions. That's one of the things I meant by the necessity for a strong executive class.

"I think if you go into it you'll find that they are really only paralleling your own attitude. There have to be a great many petty general regulations for the conduct of the majority of people, just as there have to be for children. It's just as necessary for there to be parents and people who can step above the ordinary regulations. I think you'd find yourself quite at home in that class. I think that business could employ all your brilliance, all your charm, all your audacity, all your generalship, all your—shall I say—ruthlessness."

"You could be right," said the Saint with a smile that barely touched the edges of his mouth. "But who would give me a job?"

"I would," said Quennel.

THE Saint gazed at him. "You would?"

"Yes," Quennel said deliberately. "To be quite truthful, when I told Andrea to ask you over, I was thinking about that much more than about the Gray business. Let's say it was one of my crazy ideas, or one of my hunches. You don't get very far in business without having those ideas. I believe right now that a man like you could be worth a hundred thousand a year to me."

Simon drew his glass closer to him and cupped it in his hand, the stem between his second and third fingers, making gentle movements that swirled the golden spirit softly around and warmed it in the curve of the bowl.

This, then, was all of it, and all the answers and explanations were there. And he knew quite certainly now, as his intuition had always told him, that there was no ordinary way to fight it. As Quennel had said, there were times when you had to step right through ordinary laws and restrictions. There was a world outside the orderly lawful world of average people, and to fight any one there you had to move into his world, or else he was as untouchable and invulnerable as if he were in another dimension.

The Saint smiled a little, very sardonically and deep inside himself, at the passing thought of how far he would be likely to get if he tried to fight Hobart Quennel from any footing on the commonplace world. Even without his own peculiar reputation by commonplace legal standards, he knew how ridiculous the accusations he would have to make would seem when thrown against a man of Quennel's wealth and standing, his utterly genuine confidence and authority and rightness and integrity.

It was a good thing, Simon thought, that he also could move in dimensions where such considerations were only words.

He finished his brandy, enjoying the full savor of the last sip, and put the glass down, and said pleasantly: "That's very flattering. But I have another idea."

"What is that?"

Unhurriedly, almost idly, the Saint put his right hand under his coat, under his left arm, and brought out the automatic that rode there. He leveled it diagonally across the table, letting the aim of its dark blunt sleek muzzle touch Quennel and Devan in turn.

"This is what I was talking about before," he said. "About the war being close to home. The war is here with you now, Quennel. I came here for Calvin Gray and his daughter, and unless I get them I promise you some of us are going to die most unexpectedly."

The only trouble was, as the Saint reckoned it afterward, that even then he still hadn't realized deeply enough how closely Quennel's—or at least Devan's—fourth-dimensional mentality might coincide with his own.

He looked at their rigid immobility, at Quennel's face, still bland and bony, and Walter Devan's face heavy and grim, both of them staring at him soberly and calculatingly but without any abrupt panic; and then he saw Devan's eyes flick fractionally upward to a point just above Simon's head.

Instantly, and before Simon could move at all, a new voice spoke behind him. It was a voice with a rich bass croak that Simon seemed to have heard before, very recently.

"O. K.," said the voice. "Hold it. Don't move anything if you want to go out of here breathing."

The Saint held it. He knew quite well where he had heard that deep grating voice before. It had belonged to a long gangling rawboned man whom he had met briefly in a dark alley in Washington.

It spoke again, sounding nearer.

"I been saving this for you, bud," it said.

After that there was only a jarring agony that crashed through the Saint's skull like a bolt of lightning with a scorching white light that broke into a million rainbow stars that danced away into a deep engulfing darkness.

Can the Saint, clever, subtle, tricky as he is, escape from such a ruthless antagonist as Quennel? What is the millionaire's game? And what of Madeline and Calvin Gray? Don't miss the dramatic and unexpected climax in next week's final chapter!

20 QUESTIONS

1. He was a famous football player and Olympic Games champion. He was obliged to return all the medals he had won at the Olympics. Who was he?

2. He was an Irish-bred horse and raced as a jumper. When converted into a flat racer he won the biggest money stakes in the U. S. Who was he?

3. He was shot and killed by four men in front of the old Hotel Metropole in New York City. The murderers were "Gyp the Blood," "Whitey" Lewis, "Lefty Louie," and "Dago Frank." Who was the victim?

4. He was a bald-headed expert card player and race-horse owner. He was found murdered in his home. Who was he?

5. She was charged with killing two members of her family with an ax, but was acquitted. The townspeople composed a jingle about her. This jingle was used in a popular play and movie. Who was she?

6. Which one of the men listed below made this speech: "Remember that you are the chosen people. . . . I am the instrument of the Almighty; I am His sword; His representative. Disaster and death to all those who resist my will. Disaster and death to all those who resist my mission. Disaster and death to all cowards. May all the enemies of the German people perish. God orders their destruction and God commands you through my mouth to do His will"—Kaiser Wilhelm, Adolf Hitler, Bismarck, or Frederick the Great?

7. The Auk is a web-footed antelope of the Arctic, a boat mentioned in the Bible, the nickname of a British general, or a three-masted sailing vessel?

8. Is the religion of Admiral Yamamoto, commander of the Jap Navy, Shintoism, Catholicism, Buddhism, or is he a nonbeliever?

9. Pravda is a Polish ballet dancer, a region in the Caucasus, the supreme Russian War Council, or a Moscow newspaper?

10. Who said these words: "August 8 was the blackest day of my life"—General Ludendorff, Winston Churchill, Neville Chamberlain, or Daladier?

11. A pom-pom gun is a rapid-fire machine gun, an automatic revolver, an antiaircraft gun, or a toy pistol?

12. Is a salvo fast consecutive artillery fire, a vaudeville comedian, the Spanish word for "salute," or a pitcher on the Boston Braves?

13. Which three of these ailments is cured by sulfanilamide or its derivatives: streptococcus infection, infection from abdominal gunshot wounds, pneumonia, syphilis?

14. A Bren gun is a machine gun, an artillery piece mounted on an airplane, a 105-mm. howitzer, or a flame-thrower?

15. Bersaglieri are Alpine yodelers, Italian infantrymen, an old Italian family, or Swiss mountain climbers?

16. A Dornier is a German bomber, a French flying boat, a British torpedo boat, or an Italian submarine?

17. A stick, referring to bombs, is the time fuse on a delayed-action bomb, the trademark of the manufacturer, a load of bombs dropped consecutively, or is it a bomb fragment?

18. Tanks were invented by a German, an Englishman, a Frenchman, or a Norwegian?

19. Tanks were first used by the Germans in 1917, the French in 1915, the British in 1916, or by the Germans in 1939?

20. The steppes of Russia are the stairway in the Kremlin, forests in the Urals, the Caucasus Mountains, or the treeless wastes of Russia?

(*Answers will be found on page 53*)

A WOMAN—AND

How does it feel to kill? Here's an answer from Russia's famous girl sniper who bagged 309 Nazis

BY LIEUTENANT LYUDMILA PAVLICHENKO

READING TIME ● 10 MINUTES

MY name is Lyudmila Pavlichenko, by rank a lieutenant in the Red Army, a sniper by profession. On my uniform tunic I wear the Order of Lenin, and the sharpshooter medal for killing 309 Nazis. Also I have the Medal for Distinguished Military Service. All these I have earned since I enlisted in the Army of the U. S. S. R. in August, 1941.

My age is twenty-six, and in height, weight, and appearance I am an average Russian girl, with perhaps one difference. I have a shrapnel scar just above the bridge of my nose, and three or four other battle marks that are not prominent. Sniping is not what you would call "safe" work. But I love its danger.

Every one in America looks at me partly with admiration and partly with fright and repulsion.

"Doesn't it make you feel savage to kill? Do you like to do it?" they ask.

What a stupid question! Of course I don't like to kill! Nor do I enjoy feeling savage. Women like to feel tender, and I certainly am a woman. But how would you feel if your home were burned down, your mother and father and young sisters and brothers machine-gunned to death?

If the Nazis were content to fight, man to man, with our Red Army soldiers on the field of battle, we would respect them as fair enemies. But when they attack old men and women and little children, they must be killed like poisonous snakes. When I am shooting Nazis I feel the satisfaction a hunter feels who has killed a beast of prey. It is my business to fight for the safety of Russia. To let a Nazi remain alive is to abet the murder of our people. It's simple, isn't it?

Up to now I have led no charmed life. Besides four wounds, I have suffered shell shock which temporarily affected my hearing. But I stayed at the front line as long as possible, and then had treatment there so as to get back into action as fast as I could.

Of course the Nazis stalked me as I did them. One of my hair-raising experiences was a duel with a German sniper that lasted three days. Death could be its only end—death for one or the other of us.

I will tell you the story of that three-day battle for life. But since to so many of you people in the United States my experiences sound incredible, perhaps I had better first tell you something about my background and how I happened to become a sniper.

I was born in Belaya Tserkov, a town in the Ukraine, near Kiev. My mother was a teacher and my father a district executive whose work kept him traveling. Mother, my younger sister Valentina, and I went along. In every new place we went to a new school. This developed in me a taste for adventure and distaste for discipline which made my teachers unhappy. In reading, I wanted adventure, exploration, and pioneering. And I was a tomboy. I took part in all the boys' games, and would not let myself be outdone by them. When a neighbor's boy boasted of his exploits at a shooting range, I set out to show that a girl could do as well. That was how I turned to sharpshooting.

When I was eighteen the family finally settled down in Kiev, and I had a choice of continuing my studies or going to work. I chose a job in an arsenal plant. There I laid the groundwork for sharpshooting. I learned to do drafting, which called for precision of hand and eye, and I spent most of my free time at a shooting gallery near by. I hit both the targets so often that the proprietor ran out of prizes.

But pretty soon I had an urge to go back to my studies, so in 1937 I entered Kiev University. I majored in history; but the university had a school for sniping, so I took those courses too. It sounds boastful, but the truth is, I outshot my teachers and my fellow students.

When war broke out, on June 22, 1941, I was in Odessa doing research on my diploma thesis. I never finished that thesis. On the day of the German invasion I was in a sanatorium for treatment of a minor ailment, but I felt well at once, and bolted. I had one aim and desire: to give my best services to my endangered country.

The Red Army turned me down, for Russia does not require nor encourage combat service for women. Nurses, doctors, telegraphers, and clerks—yes. However, women sharpshooters, scouts, flyers, and motor drivers were permitted to enlist if they persisted long enough—and if they qualified for

I squeezed the trigger. That Nazi had had his last look at Russian soil.

WARRIOR

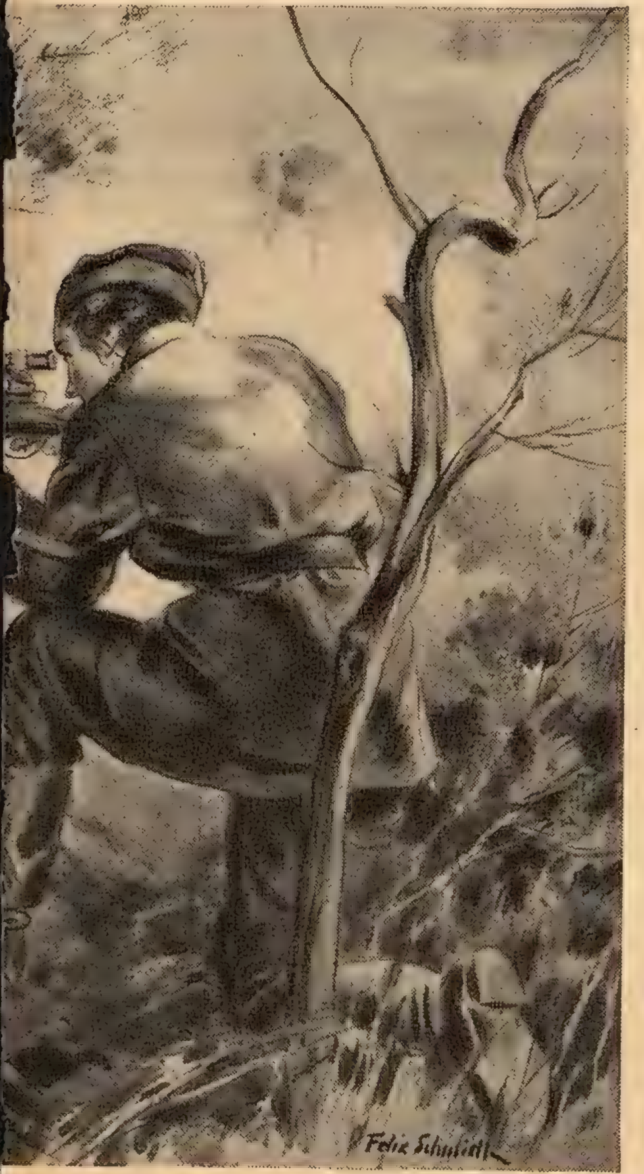
standards so high that few men reach them. I persisted, and finally I was accepted.

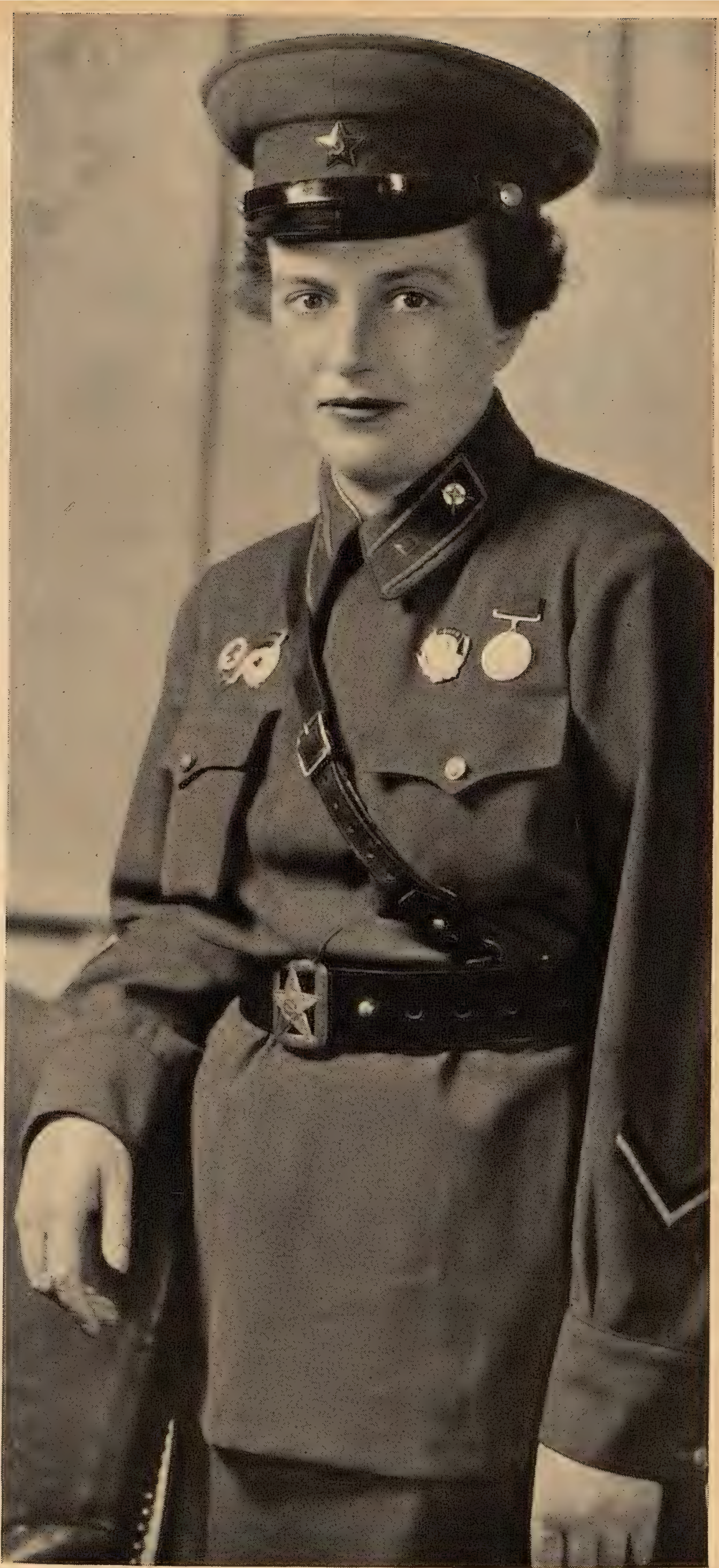
I served first with one of the volunteer detachments called destroyer squads. They work close to the front, disposing of paratroopers. Later my detachment was merged with a regular Red Army unit, and I was in the 25th, the Chapayev Division.

The first time I was in range of hot German fire I certainly was scared. I yelled to our machine gunners to cover me with return fire and save me. But I soon acquired steadiness and coolness. Pretty soon I made my first real score. The Germans had blasted a certain spot until they thought nothing remained alive there. Then they sent three scouts to reconnoiter. I spotted them and got permission to try to pick them off. I got two of them.

One sniper can demoralize troops; so concentrated fire from all arms, even artillery, is turned on him if he is discovered. Enemy snipers attack him. I have had many duels with enemy snipers.

In midsummer you have to be in the field, in fox holes or in exposed and difficult positions for as much as twenty hours at a stretch. Moreover, you must be under rigid self-control, not to waste a shot or a movement. Either one can give your position away and draw the enemy's fire. Your day begins before dawn, so that you





HARRIS & EWING

can reach your position and build up your camouflage before there is light, and it ends after nightfall, so that you can return under cover of darkness.

One of my tensest experiences was when the Nazis assigned a squad of five Tommy gunners to get me. They camouflaged themselves and set a clever trap for me on a certain road they thought I would pass. But I detected the trap, got into a safe spot, and poured lead into them. I got four of them, searched their bodies for papers, and brought them back, together with four Tommy guns.

Since papers are an important prize, we hunt Nazi officers with exceptional zeal. One day another sniper, Leonid Kitsenko, and I followed the enemy's message wires to a dugout which was headquarters for that particular sector. Two officers came along to submit reports, and we bagged them. The shooting brought two others running, and we got them too. Panic seized the dugout. But after a while they laid down a curtain of protective fire and managed to evacuate with their precious files. Even so, we had made an excellent haul.

Enemy scouts and their snipers used many tricks to fool us or to get us to reveal ourselves. One of the oldest was to manipulate a helmet from a distance. If we were inexperienced or nervous, that would draw our fire and expose our location. It was an attempt with this helmet trick which led to the three-day duel with the Nazi scout that proved my most exciting and exhausting battlefield experience to date.

WE both had excellent hidden positions in undergrowth, and my enemy began his first-day baiting tactics by wiggling a coal-scuttle helmet in plain view. An old hand at my trade by that time, I knew it contained no German head, and I held my fire.

The second day the enemy tried something which must be unique in battle. He actually released a seedy-looking cat, which wandered unconcerned through the grass before his position, as though to indicate that all was rustic peace. I refused to succumb to the cat.

These tactics lasted for hours at a time, and I was tiring rapidly from the strain of two days of constant watchfulness. Only the knowledge that my hidden enemy must be in the same plight cheered me.

On the third day my duelist played his trump card. The scout hoisted a remarkable dummy of a Nazi soldier, quite convincing, with his rifle cocked at the ready. I cannot imagine what made him think I would believe a Nazi infantryman would appear in full view of my sights in such a position. Sure enough, the enemy placed too much faith in his elaborate stage-management with the dummy.

He made the fatal mistake of putting his field glasses to his eyes for a closer look at my position. The light of the sun on the lens gave him away, and I squeezed the trigger. That Nazi had had his last look at Russian soil.

I went to the body and stripped it of papers, not forgetting the excellent field glasses. Then I collapsed from the long nervous strain.

The epic defense of Odessa and Sevastopol will live in my memory forever. No one who has not passed through such a siege can even begin to imagine the horror and the gallantry of it. We were outnumbered ten to one. More than a thousand planes came over us every day. You could not tell sunlight from starlight, so completely did the pall of dust and smoke over the city black out the sky.

But the great Black Seaport cost the enemy dear. Our 150 snipers alone accounted for 1,080 Germans. As the siege advanced, the Nazis evidently got to know of me and of my success in training snipers. With their German stupidity, they tried to bribe me. Their radios blared into our lines: "Lyudmila Pavlichenko, come over to us! We will give you plenty of chocolate and make you a German officer." What a bribe to offer a Red soldier fighting for Russian soil! When they got no answer to that, they threatened. Their last message to me was: "Lyudmila Pavlichenko, you will not escape us. When we catch you, we will hang you by the feet."

My experiences convince me that all the world must hunt the Nazis down. That is the only way to prevent them from seeking us out and hunting us down. Hitlerism and freedom cannot both remain alive in the world.

Since my arrival in the United States as one of the three Russian delegates to the International Student Assembly, I have been asked dozens of questions. Women correspondents ask whether I wear dainty underwear, or what the Soviet attitude is on fingernail polish or lipstick—as if, while the Nazi enemies are on the soil of Russia, such things mattered! But one important question I am asked is, "Has your work as a sniper deprived you of the usual ambitions of a woman—a home, a husband, children?"

SOVFOTO

Lyudmila Pavlichenko in mufti, at a meeting of the International Student Assembly.

My answer to this is, I am all woman. I hope to marry, perhaps even before the war's end, and to have children. No woman enjoys being ruthless, even when it is a life for a life. I know what may be hard for Americans, with no armed Nazis on their soil, to realize: the only safe German is a dead German. It is my business to keep my country safe from its enemies. I kill for the salvation of the U. S. S. R.

AN IMPRESSION: BY ALICE HUGHES

THROUGH Russian War Relief, I had a long talk at the Russian Consulate with this amazing girl. Her ardent face and her burning words sank deep into my mind and heart. She does something to you—this witty, warmhearted sniper who shot 309 Nazis up to and during the fall of Sevastopol. She bowls you over.

A few days after our interview, I went to an International Youth Conference given under Russian War Relief auspices, and watched Helen Hayes when she introduced this girl who had mesmerized me. I have never seen Miss Hayes so emotionally overpowered in any of her magnificent stage portrayals.

"I am an actress," Helen Hayes said, "and I am usually able to speak what I feel. But this girl has me all choked up. I have never had the experience of meeting any person whose greatness of spirit comes through as does Lieutenant Pavlichenko's."

Like every one else, I had been curious about this Soviet sniper. Had fighting turned her tough? Had she lost the sweetness men want in women?

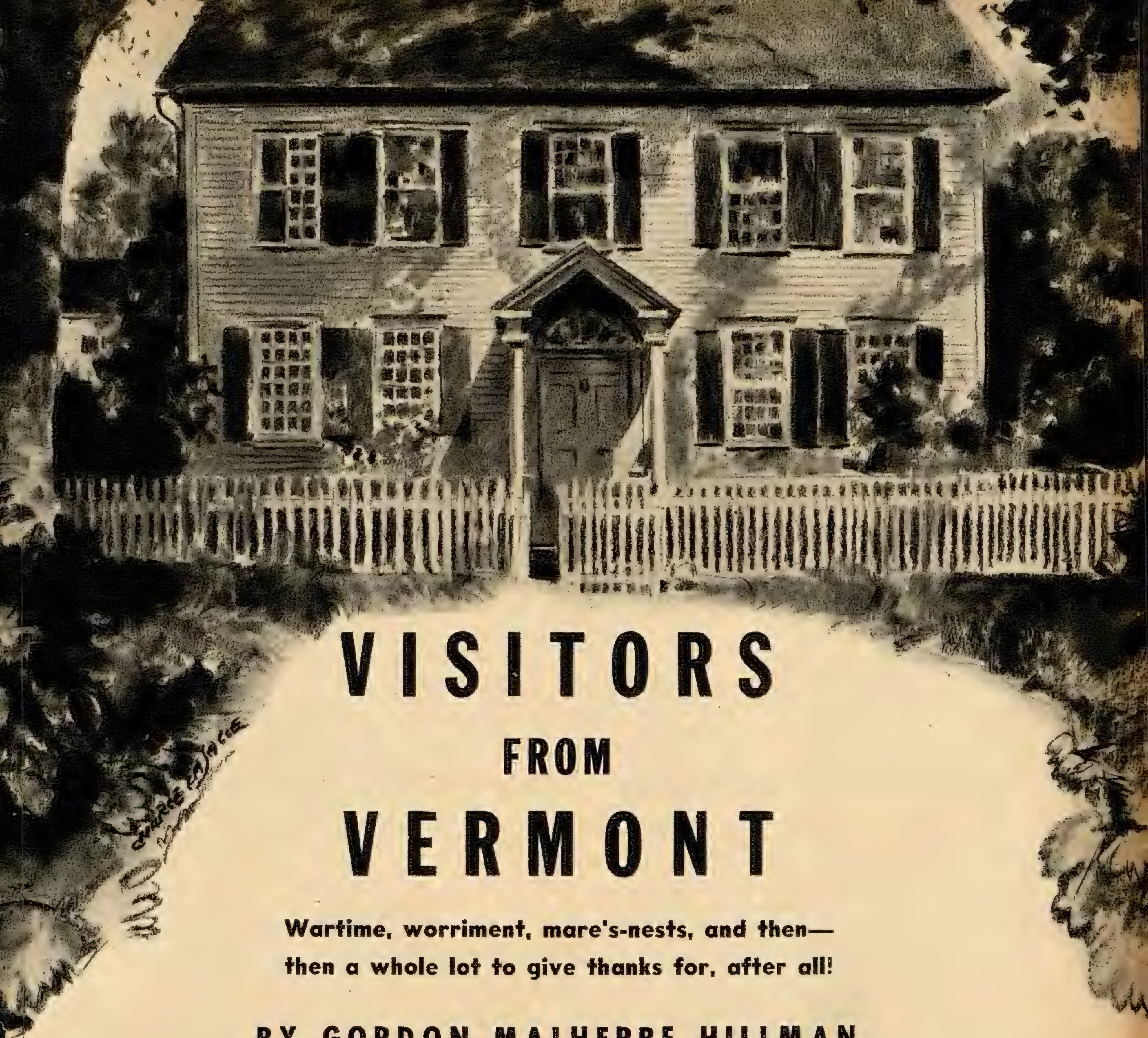
The answer is, no. She is all woman. She has beauty like that of a head on a coin; deep brown eyes, light brown hair, strong and shapely features. Her voice is soft, low-pitched. Her animation ignites you. She has a sixteen-cylinder equipment of charm—and she can turn it on.

When she is talking about her country and the war, she has the cold objectivity of a soldier, with complete control over her emotions. Yet when she speaks of the Russian children whose mothers have to leave them to others' care while they fight, she is a woman, warm and tender.

No, Lieutenant Pavlichenko has not become defeminized.

But to a woman reporter who criticized the cut of her uniform, saying the skirt was too long and that it made her look fat, she replied: "I wear my uniform with honor. It has the Order of Lenin on it. It has been covered with blood in battle. When women spend their time thinking of what they wear under their uniforms, it is plain to see that they have yet to learn what the uniform stands for."

THE END



VISITORS FROM VERMONT

Wartime, worriment, mare's-nests, and then—then a whole lot to give thanks for, after all!

BY GORDON MALHERBE HILLMAN

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES LA SALLE

THE world was in such a horrible state that it was hardly worth going to the trouble, Mrs. Snow thought. After all, Johnny was the only one who had really enjoyed holiday celebrations, and Johnny was in New Caledonia now and she was tryiny to write him a letter.

The letter didn't go very well, because Thanksgiving would keep getting mixed up in it and Mrs. Snow's shopping list got mixed up with both of them.

She put down her pen and she doubted if Renée, the French refugee they had for cook, would know how to do a turkey and she certainly couldn't be expected to understand mince or pumpkin pie. It was difficult to know exactly what Renée did understand, for she never said anything but "Yes, madame" and "No, madame," and while that was soothing, it wasn't always entirely satisfactory.

Mrs. Snow sat back, and she knew she wasn't efficient and that she never could keep things straight. She was a small pink-cheeked woman with pale gold hair, and if she glanced in the mirror she could see that she looked vague and a little irresponsible.

Mrs. Snow could recognize that in herself, for she had a sly inconvenient sense of humor, and it was on hand even now when she was wondering what on earth New Caledonia could possibly be like, and how the Thanksgiving dinner would come out, and why she was having one at all.

It wasn't going to be a Thanksgiving really, but more like any small smart dinner, and the only guest they were going to have would be Brock Templeton, the young actor Doris had picked up somewhere, and he would probably disapprove of everything anyway.

READING TIME ● 23 MINUTES

He was a very disapproving young man.

Mrs. Snow sighed and went back to her letter again.

"We aren't having much of a celebration this year: just Brock, who is your sister's latest and a very brilliant young actor. There's no telling how anything will come out, either, for Renée, the French refugee I told you about, has an idea that a turkey is some sort of a savage beast. Doris says . . ."

Mrs. Snow started thinking again, and that is always inconvenient when you are writing letters.

She was thinking that the real reason they weren't having a celebration was because Johnny wouldn't be here, but you couldn't tell him that. You had to cheer Johnny up, though heaven knew he probably wouldn't need it.

For Johnny was a first lieutenant now, and ten times as happy in the army as he had been as a clerk in the export house. She could hear Johnny now, just out of college and the R. O. T. C., trying hard to make her and his father understand about "calibrating" and "trajectories" and "shooting a problem."

All she could ever make out was that it had something to do with field artillery and that to Johnny ultimate bliss consisted of his being out with his battery and not tied to a dingy desk.

SHE could see Johnny now, slouching about in his civilian clothes, topcoat collar always turned up, coat half unbuttoned, his sad old hat set crooked on his head. And then, suddenly, Johnny in khaki, all spit and polish, intolerant if so much as a pin was out of place in his room. She'd never seen any one change so fast.

Well, he was out with his battery now, and although she tried hard in her mind to see what New Caledonia might be like, she couldn't, and she fell back on a fuzzy picture of swamps and snakes and cannibals.

If there actually were any cannibals, Johnny would probably be great friends with them by this time, for he always liked odd people.

The mailman's whistle blew, and her heart gave a little jump and she couldn't help it. She wanted to rush to the door, but Renée was there already and bringing in a small sheaf of letters.

There were three bills and an envelope with a Vermont postmark, and Renée was still standing there, tall and dark and expressionless.

"Nothing from Monsieur le lieutenant, madame?"

"Nothing from the lieutenant."

It had been a long time since she'd heard from Johnny, but Renée always asked. She wondered what Renée really thought, and remembered back to when Renée had first come.

"There are only three of us now, Renée, because my son is a lieutenant with the field artillery."

"A lieutenant of artillery, madame? We had a souslieutenant of artillery once in France, madame. His name was Buonaparte. Madame may have heard of him."

It was the longest speech Renée had ever made, and Mrs. Snow wondered where she'd come from in France and what she'd been before the tanks and the guns and the planes had come crashing in. She didn't know because Renée never said.

Well, there wasn't any letter from Johnny and she'd been a fool to expect one. She looked at the Vermont envelope and tore it open. There was Uncle Lem's neat, precise writing, marching down the page, not wasting an inch of paper:

. . . You and George have always been asking us down, but what with the crops and one thing and another, we've never been able to come, but now Kate says if you can stand us, we'd like to invite ourselves for Thanksgiving. If it isn't convenient, of course . . .

It wasn't convenient at all, but Mrs. Snow knew she suffered from a chronic disability to say no and could say it least of all to Uncle Lem and Aunt Kate.

They wouldn't fit in with the party she'd planned. Doris' young man would despise them, Doris would be furious, and George would become so cross he wouldn't be worth speaking to. But you didn't say no to Uncle Lem and Aunt Kate—not after all the summers they'd had the children up on the farm when Doris and Johnny had been young.

Mrs. Snow sighed. She'd got herself into a mess, as she always did, and now she had, she might as well keep on with it.

She looked at the letter she'd started to Johnny, and it wasn't a good one at all. It sounded as if they were going to have a miserable, mean, squinched-up Thanksgiving, not the sort of celebration Johnny would like.

She tore it up and started afresh:

"We're going to have the grandest kind of a Thanksgiving. Uncle Lem and Aunt Kate are coming down from the country and . . ."

The letter went like lightning now, and she wrote one to Uncle Lem too, and then went hastily out and mailed it before any one could make her change her mind.

THE front door slammed open and Doris came charging in, tall and dark and imperious, with her hands jammed in her pockets and the collar of her Chesterfield coat turned up.

"Do you know what I've been doing, mum?"

No one ever knew what Doris had been doing, but she was always ready to tell in an impassioned voice.

"No, dear," said Mrs. Snow patiently. "What *have* you been doing?"

Doris flung herself into one chair and put her feet up in another. "Brock's the most particular boy. He's the most fastidious boy I ever saw. Do you think Renée can cook a good dinner for him, mum?"

Doris was now studying at dramatic school, and that was where she had met Brock, who was already on Broadway and having some success. She seemed to find it quite impossible to speak or think of any one else.

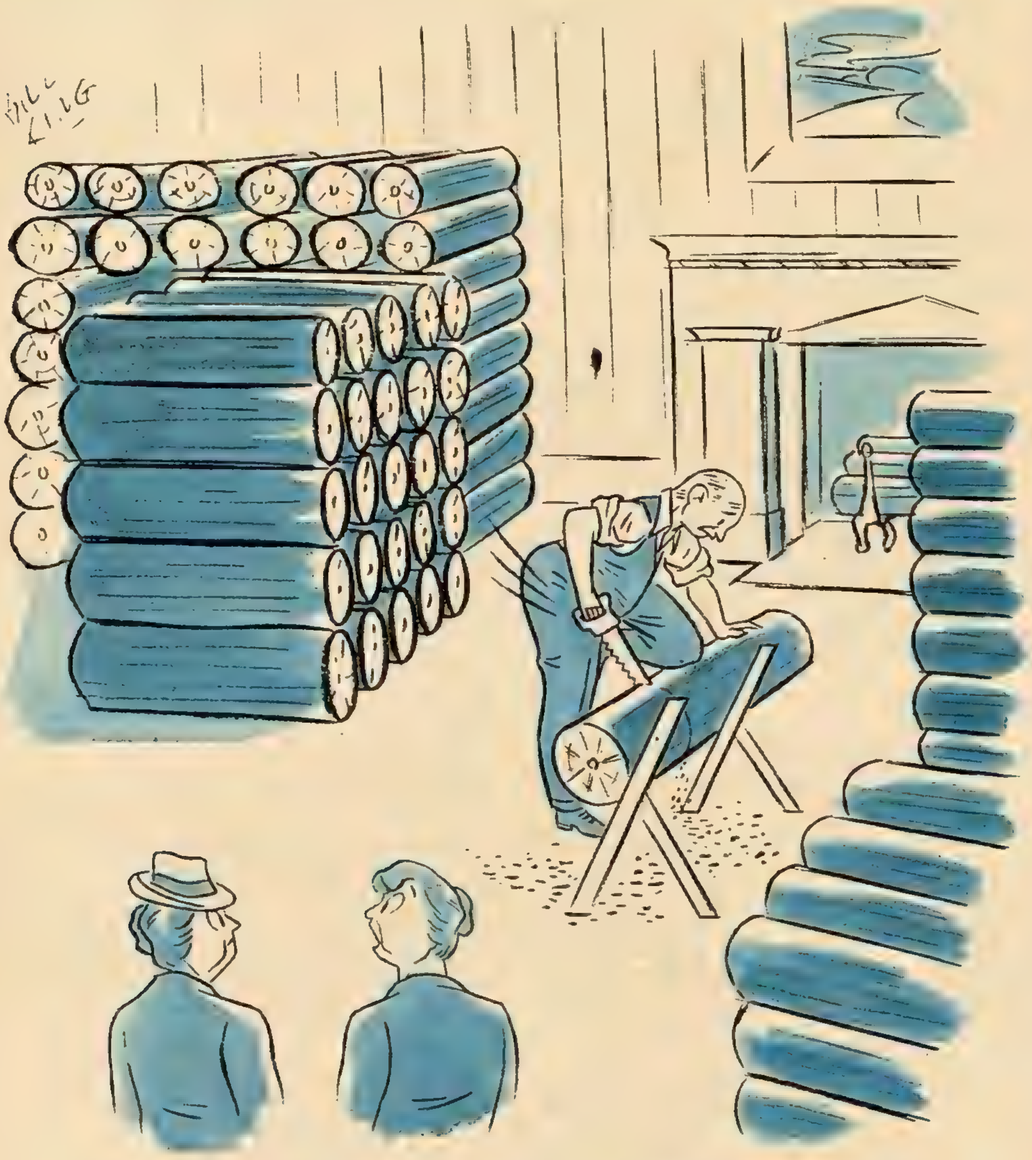
She kicked off her shoes. "I'm so glad we're not having a lot of stupid people for the holiday, mum."

Mrs. Snow felt very much afraid of her tall, tempestuous daughter, and reproached herself for being a coward. "But we are having some people, dear. Uncle Lem and Aunt Kate are coming down especially."

Doris' eyes were horrified. "They're not!"

Mrs. Snow, now over the worst of it, settled herself firmly in her chair. "But they are. I've just written them that they may."

Doris arose and began to stride



"Henry's awfully worried about the fuel shortage this winter."

about the room. She was a very good-looking girl, particularly when angry. "You can't, mum. You can't do it! It'll spoil everything. What'll Brock think? They're awfully sweet, of course, but they're so—so hicky. Honest, mum?"

"Mailed the letter," said Mrs. Snow.

"But, mum, Brock'll be furious. Send them a telegram or something saying they can't come."

Mrs. Snow shook her head. She found she didn't care much about the feelings of Doris' young man.

"I don't know what I'm going to do," said her daughter dismally.

THE front door opened again and George arrived, to stand upon the rug and issue a statement: "Dreadful day at the office. I'm dead."

George always announced he was dead, though it was wonderful how quickly he could resurrect himself if anything caught his interest. George did not look in the least dead; he looked plump and pudgy and bursting with health even if his eyes were a trifle tired behind his heavy rimmed glasses.

His daughter seized him by the lapels of his coat. "Dad, mum's gone and done the most dreadful thing!"

George said he was sorry but was too tired to hear about it. Doris held him fast. "But you've got to do something, dad! She's gone and invited Uncle Lem and Aunt Kate down for Thanksgiving dinner!"

"Huh?" said George brilliantly. "Who? Why?"

Doris showed a strong disposition to shake her father. "But can you imagine them with Brock? Talking about the pigs and the cows and all the other nasty animals? It'll be the most dreadful day we ever had!"

George thought so, too, but his daughter had irritated him greatly. "I don't like that young man of yours much, anyway." He then turned on his wife. "Whatever made you invite them, Dorothea?"

"Because they invited themselves," said Mrs. Snow simply.

"Oh, dear," said George. "I thought we were going to have a quiet day."

He relapsed into utter gloom, and his daughter flew out and could be heard slamming doors behind her all through the house. Mrs. Snow had forgotten how serious the young are about things that seem small afterward, and now, looking out at the last limp autumn leaves, she could hardly believe she'd ever been young herself.

George gave an eager look at her cluttered desk. "Any mail?" he asked, and meant only a letter from his son.

Mrs. Snow felt older than ever. "Nothing, dear."

All the eagerness ebbed out of George's eyes and he sat slack in the chair. "It's a long way," he said. "I suppose letters take a long time." He quite suddenly got up and came over to where she sat. "It's all right, Dotty. Don't worry about Lem and Kate. We'll get through it some way."

His eyes sparkled, for at times he had an inconvenient sense of humor, too. "Though what that high-toned

"Here's a pointer on good living…
Happy Blending makes Thanksgiving!"

Roast turkey, dressing, ice cream, pie,
With raisins, nuts, and fruit heaped high—
Man, what a treat Thanksgiving brings—
A Happy Blend of ALL good things!

That's just what CALVERT offers, too—
A feast of *whiskey* traits for you!
A Happy Blend of qualities
That's tops for holidays like these!

You know, ALL whiskey traits don't click;
Some get along—some fight and kick;
So CALVERT shuns conflicting traits
And weds just friendly, *happy* mates!

Add CALVERT to your feast-day treat,
In cocktail, highball, punch, or neat—
This mellow harvest of the best
Will win the thanks of host and guest!

BE WISE!
Calvert

Clear Heads Choose
Calvert
The whiskey with the
"Happy Blending"

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Calvert Distillers Corporation, N. Y. C. BLENDED WHISKEY Calvert "Reserve": 86.8 Proof—65% Grain Neutral Spirits . . . Calvert "Special": 86.8 Proof—72½% Grain Neutral Spirits.

foreign maid of ours will make of 'em I certainly hate to think."

MRS. SNOW awoke on Thanksgiving morning with the certainty that it was going to be a dreadful day.

She was sure that she shouldn't have let Uncle Lem and Aunt Kate come at all. Doris' young man would be fearfully superior and make them acutely uncomfortable. Doris would sulk dreadfully and George did look tired. By the end of the day he would be all worn out.

Aunt Kate would allude to Renée as "that hired girl of yours," and Renée would promptly pack up and leave.

Mrs. Snow did wish Johnny would come striding in, tall and lean, with all the tassels off his bathrobe. "Well, ma, you certainly have got yourself into a sweet mess this time."

Johnny was a great comfort and got her out of all her troubles. Only now he couldn't.

Doris chose to come to breakfast in pajamas to show she was offended, and Mrs. Snow was quite sorry for her. After all, one does want one's family to show up well to one's best young man.

"Colder than last year," said George, getting up and fiddling with the window shade.

Last year it had been quite warm and Johnny had come up from Carolina. Last year seemed like a long time ago.

George came over and stroked her hair. "I wouldn't worry, Dotty. He'll be all right."

Doris abruptly stopped being offended. "Sure he will, mum. Johnny'll always be all right."

Mrs. Snow said it was silly of her, and went out to see if Renée had tucked the turkey in the oven.

There was the doorbell, and there were Uncle Lem and Aunt Kate coming in the door, and it seemed as if all the wide hill country were coming in with them.

"Well, here we be," said Uncle Lem. "The two bad pennies turned up at last."

He was tall and lean and jolly with his long thin nose and his long dry face, and you couldn't help seeing that Thanksgiving wasn't just another day to him: it was an occasion. It was an occasion to Aunt Kate, too, small and plump and shining like a ruddy red apple. They never got tired or sad or cross, these two, Mrs. Snow thought—or if they did, she'd never seen it.

Aunt Kate was holding quite tight to a large pasteboard box and she wouldn't let it go.

"Nothin' much, Dorothea. Only some pies and a little cake. I'll go straight out and set 'em in the kitchen."

It would be the end of Renée if she did, Mrs. Snow thought, and she tried to stop her. It wasn't any use. Aunt Kate sailed majestically through the kitchen door and closed it.

Mrs. Snow shuddered and sat down.

Uncle Lem was in the straight chair against the light, and even in his worn

THE COLONEL
MRS. SNOW

UNCLE LEM
BROCK

blue suit he looked like some one. Only Doris' young man would never see that.

Uncle Lem was addressing Doris now. "Well, Dorrie, how you been? Look a bit peaked."

Doris delighted in shocking him and she was about to do so now. "Do you know what I've been doing, Uncle Lem?"

Nobody ever cared what Doris had been doing, but Uncle Lem actually seemed to. "Couldn't guess."

"I'm going on the stage."

Uncle Lem remained completely calm. "Nice to want to do something. Shouldn't be surprised if you'd be good."

Doris' mouth flew open and all her sulky look was gone.

AUNT KATE bustled in from the kitchen, her face sparkling. "Dorothea, that hired girl of yours is real interesting. Seems her folks have owned the same farm in France for three hundred years. She was telling me how different they do things over there."

Mrs. Snow sighed softly. In a few moments Aunt Kate had gotten more out of Renée than she herself had in months.

Aunt Kate plumped down in a chair. "Seems happy here, too. That's her singing, isn't it?"

Mrs. Snow listened. No one had ever heard Renée singing about the house before, and now she was.

Aunt Kate nodded. "Seems their farm's in the north of France. Right in the way of all the wars."

"It'll still be there when she goes back," said Uncle Lem.

Mrs. Snow knew then why she'd never got on well with Renée. Renée might be a French girl, but she was a farm girl first. She'd go back sometime, and the farm would go on, and that was all she was living for.

Aunt Kate kept smoothing down her dress. "See you've got another place set at table. Who's coming?"

Mrs. Snow's heart sank. "Oh, yes, indeed. Brock Templeton, a very brilliant young actor and a great friend of Doris'." That was the best way of putting it.

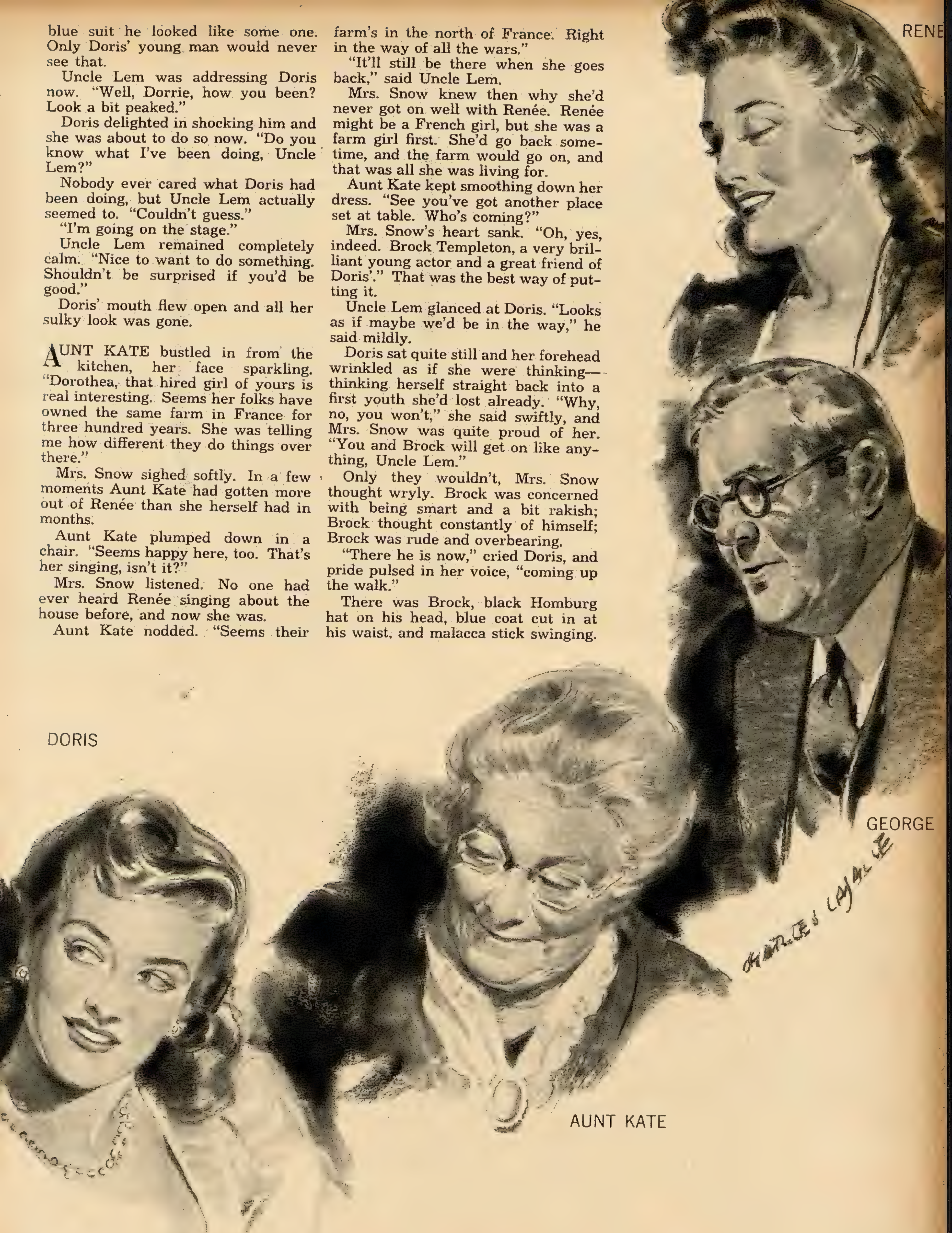
Uncle Lem glanced at Doris. "Looks as if maybe we'd be in the way," he said mildly.

Doris sat quite still and her forehead wrinkled as if she were thinking—thinking herself straight back into a first youth she'd lost already. "Why, no, you won't," she said swiftly, and Mrs. Snow was quite proud of her. "You and Brock will get on like anything, Uncle Lem."

Only they wouldn't, Mrs. Snow thought wryly. Brock was concerned with being smart and a bit rakish; Brock thought constantly of himself; Brock was rude and overbearing.

"There he is now," cried Doris, and pride pulsed in her voice, "coming up the walk."

There was Brock, black Homburg hat on his head, blue coat cut in at his waist, and malacca stick swinging.



"Bit nearsighted, isn't he?" asked Uncle Lem.

Doris was already halfway to the door. "His eyes are awfully bad. How did you know?"

"Way he walks," said Uncle Lem dryly, staring at the bright saffron scarf about Brock's neck.

Brock burst in the door, and he was making an entrance as he always did. He tore off his hat, he tossed off the scarf, he whipped a small bunch of roses from behind his back. "Season's greetings, dear lady," he said, and bowed low to Mrs. Snow.

"My, my, my!" said Aunt Kate.

Brock was immediately conscious of a new audience. "And who, Doris, my pet, are these interesting people?"

Doris cast an appealing glance at her mother, and Mrs. Snow rushed madly into the breach.

"Mrs. Patch, Mr. Templeton. Mr. Patch, Mr. Templeton. Mr. and Mrs. Patch are my Aunt Kate and Uncle Lem, and they've come all the way from Vermont. George, here's Brock! Where are you, George?"

George was crouching in a corner, attempting to read the paper and making a very bad job of it. He surveyed his daughter's young man with a sour eye and said, "Uh!"

Brock cast his coat on the floor and advanced on Aunt Kate, his eyes sparkling, probably with sheer malice.

"I'd have known you came from Vermont. Why, it's written all over you."

"I wouldn't wonder," said Aunt Kate.

In a second he'd be making open fun of her, and Mrs. Snow cast wildly about in her mind for some way to stop him.

He sat down between Aunt Kate and Uncle Lem and he was enjoying himself. You could see how superior he thought he was. "All the animals well?" he asked.

"Middlin'," said Aunt Kate, quite unconscious she was being baited.

"Ah," said Brock, tossing his head back. "You live on a farm, then. What sort of a farm?"

Uncle Lem hooked his thumbs into his vest. "Just a farm, son."

"Where is it?"

"Wouldn't mean anything to you, son, but it's a piece south of Brattleboro."

DORIS' face was sheer agony and she stepped between them. "Now, Brock, don't bother Uncle Lem." She seemed to cast desperately about in her mind. "Do you know what I've been doing, Brock?"

Brock brutally pushed her aside. "No one cares in the least what you've been doing, my girl!" He turned to Uncle Lem. "Do you keep cows, sir? What kind?"

"Jerseys," said Uncle Lem. "Send my milk down to Boston. Sometimes they get contrary. Beats all how contrary critters get on a farm."

Brock slapped his knee. "That's just what my grandfather used to say. Grandpop had a good rich farm out in Indiana and don't I wish I were back there now! Keep pigs, sir?"

"Some," said Uncle Lem, and his face didn't look so dry now. "Come from Indiana, son?"

"From the smallest town you ever saw," said Brock astoundingly. "And don't I get homesick for it! When I was a kid I was always out at grandpop's and—"

He shook his head, and suddenly he wasn't smart or rude or overbearing at all; just a lean young man who'd had rather a hard time and, when it got too hard, wished he were back in Indiana.

"Pigs are sort of scrawny this year," Uncle Lem was saying. "But I'll tell you what we have got. We've got a real good Morgan mare."

"Gosh!" said Brock. "Grandpop always said he'd rather have a Morgan horse than a crock of gold. Grandpop—"

Aunt Kate eyed him. "Young man, they tell me you're quite an actor."

Brock flung his hair back. "Don't believe 'em, Aunt Kate. (I can call you Aunt Kate, can't I?) I just about get by, and I darned near starved to death before I did, and if my show folds up I'll go back to starving again."

MRS. SNOW sank back, limp with relief. She'd never been fond of Brock, but she was now. And he'd be just the right young man for Doris. She was sure of it.

"Tell you what," said Uncle Lem. "Sometime when you're not doing much of anything, come up and visit us for a spell." His eyes looked squarely at the ceiling. "Maybe Doris could fix it to come along too."

Mrs. Snow felt warm and limp and glowing, and she'd hardly done that since Johnny had gone away.

There was a fearful racket from the far corner and George came charging out, his glasses hanging from one ear and his newspaper clenched in his hand.

"Dorothea! Dorothea! Johnny's colonel's just flown back from New Caledonia. It says so right here. See it? I guess he just got here last night. Damn it! Now you've dropped the paper!"

Mrs. Snow couldn't help it, and George was down on his hands and knees, scrabbling about the floor to get his precious paper together.

He pointed to a paragraph on the front page, and the type blurred so Mrs. Snow couldn't see it at all.

"I wonder," she said dimly, "I wonder, after he gets rested and all that, if it would be all right for us to go around and see him."

The colonel must be a great man, and she'd never met him and neither had George, and she knew George would be stubborn and wouldn't want to go.

George was all ready to be stubborn when Uncle Lem's thin, dry voice cut in: "Who's this colonel of Johnny's, Dorothea?"

"Colonel Frazier. Colonel Thomas Frazier. Johnny's always talking about him. Johnny says—"

"Live here in town?"

She nodded, and Uncle Lem looked at Aunt Kate and rose. "Got a telephone around here somewhere, Dorothea?"

She felt very much confused and she could hear Uncle Lem's voice going on at the telephone and making no sense at all.

"Hello, Bud! Lem Patch. . . . Sure I am. Right down at my niece's on Locust Street. . . . Of course Kate's with me. Have a good trip, Bud? . . . Tell you what. My niece's boy's in your regiment. Little Johnny Snow. Suppose you might make out to run over after you've et your Thanksgiving dinner? Just about sittin' down to it now, aren't you, Bud?"

GEORGE was standing there with the paper still in his hand. "Well, I'm damned!" said he.

Uncle Lem's voice rose. "What? You don't say! You aren't going to have any Thanksgiving dinner? Bud, you get your hat and come over here as quick as you can. I said you come straight over. That's an order."

Uncle Lem came back into the room, his blue eyes shining. "Whatever do you know, Kate? They flew Bud back so sudden that his wife hasn't had time to get home from York State and he was just going to snatch a sandwich." He looked at Mrs. Snow apologetically. "Should have asked you first, I s'pose. Guess I better go tell that girl of yours to set another place for Bud."

Mrs. Snow still didn't believe it, and she felt so odd she was afraid she might be about to faint.

Doris caught at her uncle's coat. "Uncle Lem! However did you know the colonel—Johnny's colonel?"

"Bud?" said Aunt Kate tranquilly. "Why, Bud used to come up and board at the place next to us when he was a little boy. Bud's a caution. Even calls us Uncle Lem and Aunt Kate. Set still, Dorothea. You'll be all right in a second."

Mrs. Snow was quite all right and Brock was making a fearful fuss over her. He was putting a pillow behind her head and demanding some one get some brandy. He also said that Doris was a big stupid dunce, which meant he must be very fond of her indeed.

Then the tall, lean, sandy-headed man who was just going gray on top was in the room. He might sport colonel's rank on his uniform, but he certainly didn't act like one. "Aunt Kate!" he said in a glad shout, and was hugging her like mad. "Uncle Lem, you old rascal!"

Aunt Kate pushed him away and put on her eyeglasses. "Bud Frazier, you stop spinnin' around and set down like a Christian. Lost all the manners you ever had in New Caledony, I s'pose!"

"Every single one of 'em," said the colonel happily, and sat down, his campaign ribbons shining. "That's right, Auntie. Put me in my place."

He seemed like a young boy—a very young boy—and that was the way Aunt Kate always made all her old boys feel. "Now, Bud, this is my niece, Dorothea. You be especially nice to her because it's her dinner you'll be eatin'."

The colonel stood up at once. "Mrs. Snow, isn't it? I'm ashamed of myself, but when Uncle Lem orders me around I've got to be a good soldier. I really do apologize—"

"Don't bother, Bud," said Uncle Lem dryly. "Just tell Dorothea and George about that lieutenant son of theirs."

Mrs. Snow could feel something new in the room, and it was almost as if Johnny were at the door.

"Lieutenant?" said the colonel. "John's a captain by this time if his papers have come through." He fumbled about for his pipe and brought it out. "We'll make John a major before we're through. Your son's good officer material, Mrs. Snow. The men swear by him. Give me a few more Johns and a couple of good first sergeants and we'll have the smartest outfit in the artillery."

Mrs. Snow heard her own voice, small and thin and very weak. "Is he well, colonel? Is Johnny well?"

"First-rate shape now." Then the colonel's face darkened a little. "Tell you, Mrs. Snow. He was a pretty sick boy with pneumonia when we had to take him off the boat on a stretcher—"

Mrs. Snow knew it! She'd really known it all the time, and that was why she'd been so worried.

THE colonel gave a quick glance at her and smiled. "Wrote you a letter about it, but you won't have gotten it yet. John came out of it in great shape. Was pretty weak and wobbly for a time, but I put a stop to that. Tossed four brandy egg shakes a day down him. My own prescription."

Aunt Kate said, "Johnny was always a great one for colds." She said it so calmly that it all became commonplace, just as if Johnny were upstairs in bed, sniffling a little and reading Treasure Island to cheer himself up.

Mrs. Snow was sure the colonel had taken good care of him. She was sure the colonel always would.

George put his face close to hers, and he didn't look dead but all alive again. "Dotty! Did you hear what he said? Johnny's a captain. A captain! And maybe he'll be a major."

Mrs. Snow pressed her husband's cheek. She didn't care what Johnny was—lieutenant or captain or major—just as long as he was well and safe and had his colonel to look after him. For, after all, he was very young.

"What did they want to fly you home for, Bud?" Uncle Lem asked.

The colonel smiled. "Search me! Some War Department nonsense, I suppose. Maybe they'll transfer me to Africa, but I don't think so."

Mrs. Snow looked out the window, and the sun was shining so strongly it had turned all the last leaves to twisting fire. And all the world glistened warm and still and golden.

Renée came through the double doors, dark and tall and smiling.

"Dinner is served, madame."

Mrs. Snow thought she'd never felt so hungry in all her life.

THE END

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Meet a soldier-administrator who's running wartime's biggest business

SOMERVELL OF

BY WALTER KARIG

BREHON BURKE SOMERVELL is a tall, spare soldier with iron-gray hair, a close-clipped, razored mustache, and a genius for administration. In a Washington which can use all the administrative brains it can get, he stands out like an obelisk in the governmental sky. His piercing eyes can spot red tape before it becomes even faintly pink. Lieutenant General Somervell's administrative genius is illustrated by the brilliant manner in which he solved the question of shiploading, one of the most important functions of the Services of Supply, of which he is the head.

The art of loading a ship, one would assume, should long ago have reached perfection. It is money in the pockets of the steamship companies to get the maximum carrying capacity from their ships. By the "packaging clinic" set-up General Somervell found it possible to increase the cargo-carrying capacity of the average vessel by 15 per cent and to reduce its loading time anywhere from three to seven days. In the face of submarine warfare, this is of tremendous importance now. It makes 90 ships do the work of 103, and do it faster.

General Somervell is the ideal man to head the vast Services of Supply, which, as its name implies, is responsible for supplying our men and those of our Allies with everything they need, from safety pins to howitzers. A combination of army man and expert administrator, he was chosen for his job by the President last March largely because of his outstanding record as WPA Administrator for New York City. That job broke the backs of seven predecessors.

Dapper in appearance, he speaks with a Southern drawl and in a low voice which conçeals a violent temper usually held in control. When he loses it, he generally retires to some other place, often the men's washroom, to cool off. Sometimes, however, he uses the technique of blowing up deliberately in order to upset an opponent. If he can prod his adversary to rage or freeze his mentality by pretended anger, he knows he has won the battle.

Pleasant and shrewd in manner, General Somervell has been described as having a touch of Will Rogers in his demeanor. He often refers to himself as "just a country boy from Arkansas trying to get along in the big city." Having been brought up in the army tradition, he uses humor as a device in tactics. Once, when he was WPA Administrator for New York, he scotched a sit-down strike by the simple but effective device of locking up all the toilets. One by one, the strikers had to leave the place, and were not readmitted.

When he took the job at WPA he succeeded Victor F. Ridder. Ridder had been attacked by the Communists with the slogan, "Get Rid of Ridder!" Somervell characteristically suggested a new slogan to the Communists himself: "Sink Somervell!"

IN Somervell's allusion to himself as "just a country boy" there is some truth. He was born in Little Rock, Arkansas, in 1892, the son of a doctor. His mother was a former schoolteacher. When Brehon was fifteen the family moved to Washington, D. C., and there he came into contact with army people.

As a result of this he attended West Point, graduating in 1914, sixth in his class.

He was in Paris on graduation leave in the summer of 1914 when the war broke out. When he offered his services to the American Embassy, it made him cashier of Judge Elbert H. Gary's committee to return stranded Americans to the United States. That was his first administrative experience. Over $1,000,000 in gold, rushed over on a battleship, passed through his hands in that work. It was a nice beginning for a man who was later to head an agency which spent $120,000,000 in 1941 and 1942, not to get Americans back from Europe but to get them over there.

On his return to the United States in 1916, Somervell was sent to Texas to prepare maps of the Mexican frontier. While he was there, Pancho Villa acted up and raided the border. With Pershing at the head, the army was ordered to chase Villa, and Somervell, serving under Captain Ernest Graves, was commanded to service. When Somervell, always the diplomat, reported to Graves for duty, he brought with him a large box of Havana cigars, long favored by Graves. Graves never found out how Somervell knew that was his favorite brand.

To diplomacy Somervell added the virtue of hard work. One afternoon Pershing passed a stalled truck on the road. Seeing nobody around, he shouted irritably, "Where is the officer in charge here?"

"Here, sir!" came a voice from under the truck. It was Somervell's. Black with oil, he crept out and saluted Pershing, who went off without comment.

On American entrance into World War I, Somervell served in France, at first as an engineer, building ammunition dumps, and afterward fighting at the front. For reconnaissance behind the German lines he was awarded the Distinguished Service Cross. After the armistice he became, at twenty-six, Assistant Chief of Staff of a section of the Army of Occupation based at Coblenz. While there he met and married an American Y. M. C. A. worker named Anna Purnell. With his wife, Somervell, now a major, returned to the United States in 1920, and for several years followed the prosaic life led by army men in peacetime.

In 1933, however, he received an unusual appointment which was to provide him with an excellent opportunity to demonstrate his administrative talent. In April of that year he was asked by the late Kemal Atatürk, the Turkish dictator, to assist with an economic survey of industrial Turkey.

As soon as he got there Somervell began a tour of the whole country by car, which had sometimes to be carried across streams on men's backs. At the end of that trip he knew the country better than any one in the Turkish government. Collecting a staff of English-speaking Turks, he collated the work of a dozen experts in various economic fields. Then he submitted a report in seven volumes, organized with true Somervellian diplomacy.

It was written as a series of commentaries on excerpts from Dictator Atatürk's speeches.

SOMERVELL returned from Turkey in 1934, and two years later was appointed WPA Administrator for New York City. He was the eighth man to try to make the city's work relief program work. Several of his predecessors, including the late General Hugh S. Johnson, had resigned; one had died, very possibly from overwork; and none had lasted more than a year.

Somervell kept the job almost four years. Some idea of the complexity confronting him may be had from the fact that in one year requisitioning forms for materials used ate up twenty-one tons of paper. Each month he spent $10,000,000. Shortly after Somervell was in the saddle of this gigantic job he had already given New York City what unbiased observers considered the best run WPA in the nation.

Largely because of his brilliant work as WPA Administrator, Somervell was appointed to head Services of Supply, one of the three divisions of the reorganized army set up by the President last March. The others are the Ground Forces, commanded by General Lesley J. McNair, and the Air Forces, under Lieutenant General Henry H. ("Hap") Arnold. The Ground and Air Forces have two functions: training and fighting. The

READING TIME ● 9 MINUTES

THE S. O. S.

S. O. S. takes care of everything else.

As head of the S. O. S., Somervell is operating the largest business in the world. Compared to it the Standard Oil Company and General Motors *combined* shrink to the proportions of a country store. The S. O. S. sees to it that the army receives everything it needs. This ranges all the way from providing chaplains for our soldiers' spiritual welfare to furnishing brassières and girdles for the WAACs.

The S. O. S. takes the raw recruit, gives him a haircut, vaccinates him, fits his uniform, provides his gun, and ships him overseas. If a soldier is going to a jungle, it gives him a set of instructions telling him which wild fruits are edible and which are poisonous. If a soldier is going to England, it hands him a book explaining the British government and the customs and manners of its people. In addition, it negotiates all lend-lease contracts with foreign military missions and decides how much we can give them.

When General Somervell came to S. O. S. he was obliged to create his own organization. It was a test of his organizing genius. To be able to keep himself fully informed of the myriad activities of the S. O. S., he set up a Control Division, a fact-gathering agency whose job is to make a daily statistical report of events in the organization. In this way, at a glance the general can tell if everything is running properly. On the wall of his office is a huge United States map on which multicolored pins plot the progress of 8,095 industrial jobs under his supervision. He has been all over the United States, as well as in England, and has trusted men scattered over the entire nation to check up on the flow of American war power. Characteristic of the Somervell method is what he tells these men to say to factory owners.

"Don't go bellowing, 'What's wrong with Detroit, or Cincinnati, or Baltimore?'" he says. "Ask them, 'What's wrong with Washington?'"

SOMERVELL works twelve to eighteen hours a day, seven days a week. If a union machinist worked the general's hours he would receive three times as much as Somervell gets. In what leisure time he has he lives quietly at Fort Myer, in Arlington, Virginia, just across the Potomac from Washington, with his three daughters. His wife died just before his present appointment last March. He is a neighbor of Chief of Staff General George C. Marshall, and the two frequently drive to their offices together, discussing in a quiet, friendly fashion their mighty problems.

One of the questions I asked General Somervell concerned the major difficulties of establishing a second front. He summed it up thus:

"It means that for every man we put on the Continent we have to lay down from ten to twelve *tons* of supplies to back him up."

This means that for every troopship carrying 2,000 men two 10,000-ton cargo vessels must be loaded to the limit with the apparatus and the provisions of war. Involved are a million men, serviced by a thousand shiploads.

Behind those ships are the factories. About them General Somervell said dryly:

"The war won't be won in the factories. But it can damn well be lost there. The war will be won by the men in the field, but they can't fight tomorrow's battles with yesterday's guns. And they can't fight tomorrow's battles with guns promised for the day after tomorrow, either.

"I don't see," he went on, "why it is necessary to exhort workers to do a superlative job. My God, there isn't a job anywhere in industry that isn't soft compared with a soldier's, and look at the comparison in hours of work! The American civilian ought to be damn well pleased to give everything he's got to help his brothers on the battlefield."

Meanwhile Somervell is going to be in there punching, to help these men on the field. To him, S. O. S. doesn't mean "Save our souls." It doesn't always even mean Services of Supply. It means Ship Our Supplies, and Somervell means to do it.

THE END

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Lieutenant General Brehon B. Somervell, head of the Services of Supply.

CANDY FROM A BABY

Crime seemed to pay, for Pedro, but even a smart crook slips up once in a while

BY PHYLLIS DUGANNE

IT was late August when Marty Owen shoved open the door of Dutch Herman's saloon. He had been out of New York all summer, but Marty was not tanned. Dutch did not ask if he had had a pleasant vacation. He said, "Hello, Marty," as though he had not been away at all, and Marty said, "Hello, Dutch. A beer." Dutch sliced the foam from the top of the glass with a wooden paddle and Marty drank appreciatively. He hadn't had a drink for twelve months, and beer tasted good.

"Pedro been in?" Marty inquired, shoving his empty glass back for a refill.

Dutch drew the beer. "Not today."

"Think he'll be coming in?"

Dutch looked at Marty. "Ain't you had enough trouble?" he asked.

Marty Owen smiled. "I'm through with trouble, Dutch. I'm goin' home on tomorrow's bus. But I gotta see Pedro first."

Two men came in, and Marty carried his beer across to a table and sat down to wait. After a while he took Chet's letter out of his pocket and read it over. "Some friend (?) sent Ma a clipping that you was in jail again. When you get out, you better come home. Me and Eddie have our own boat now, and we can use you. I guess you're a better sailor than you are crook, at that."

Marty smiled to himself. Home and their own boat sounded pretty good. This had been the second time he'd gone up the river, and it was going to be the last. He'd been a sap, all right, but he had learned his lesson. Tomorrow's bus. If Pedro would give him a loan, and he was pretty sure that Pedro would. Pedro owed him something for the past year.

The door opened and Dutch looked up. Marty turned his head and saw Pedro and said, "Hi!"

The Spaniard was smiling as he sat down at the table. "Glad to see you," he said.

Marty grinned. "Glad to be here."

"I was looking for you," Pedro added.

Marty stopped grinning. "Look," he said. "I'm goin' home. If you could let me have twenty-five bucks—"

"Sure," said Pedro. "Tomorrow." His teeth flashed white against his dark skin. He leaned across the table and his voice was low, though listening in on other people's conversations was a thing not done at Dutch Herman's. When he finished talking, Marty shook his head.

"Not me," he said. "I'm takin' that bus in the morning."

Pedro spread out his slender hands. "Why not?" He got up and moved gracefully across to the bar, returned with two more beers. "Marty," he said, "it is nothing. It is like taking the candy from a little baby. A little baby who is not even there."

"No dice," Marty said.

Pedro shrugged. "I tell you frankly," he said, "today I do not have twenty-five dollars. Tomorrow—" He laughed. "Marty, how you are silly!" His low voice was reproachful. "This I could do by myself with one hand, yet I say to you, Come!"

Marty did not answer. Pedro was smiling at him and he felt almost ashamed.

"As you weesh," said Pedro. "I will be at Forty-ninth Street at eight o'clock."

He went out and Marty continued to sit at the table, going over it in his mind. If it was like Pedro said—and Pedro did not make mistakes—it was foolproof. This guy was an actor, but the jewelry was the McCoy, studs and cuff links, pearls and emeralds, stuff that was easy to handle and easy to get rid of. At eight thirty the guy went to the theater. He had a valet, but this was his night off. The fire escape was on the back of the house, facing the river, and the people in the lower apartment were away for the summer. It shouldn't take them half an hour, Pedro said, and they'd be back in Dutch's saloon having a drink.

Marty went over and got another beer, and Dutch gave it to him silently.

"You haven't got twenty-five bucks you're not using, have you?" said Marty.

"Me?" said Dutch.

"I just asked," said Marty.

Pedro did not look surprised that Marty was there, at Forty-ninth Street.

"What kind of acting does this guy do?" Marty asked, as they went down the stairs together.

Pedro shrugged. That he did not know, but it paid him well. The jewelry he sported was what interested them.

"Yeah," said Marty. What interested him was his bus fare. "Suppose this valet hasn't gone out?" he added.

Pedro stopped. He reached into his coat pocket and drew out two circles of steel which gleamed in the dim light of the stairs. He patted his hip. "He is not there, Marty," he said positively, "but always I am scientific. Always I am prepared for the unexpected."

"Put those things back," said Marty. The sight of the handcuffs made him sick. The night was hot, but his skin felt cold and clammy. Pedro shrugged. He'd never felt those bracelets on his slender wrists.

They moved eastward along the street and Pedro paused before a newsstand. "Cigarettes," he murmured. He reached again into his pocket and drew out a roll of bills. Marty looked at him, and Pedro's liquid eyes, meeting his, congealed.

"I thought you didn't have twenty-five bucks," said Marty, as they walked on.

Pedro's shoulders moved in a slight shrug. "Today for me is very lucky," he explained. "W'at you call a leetle friendly game."

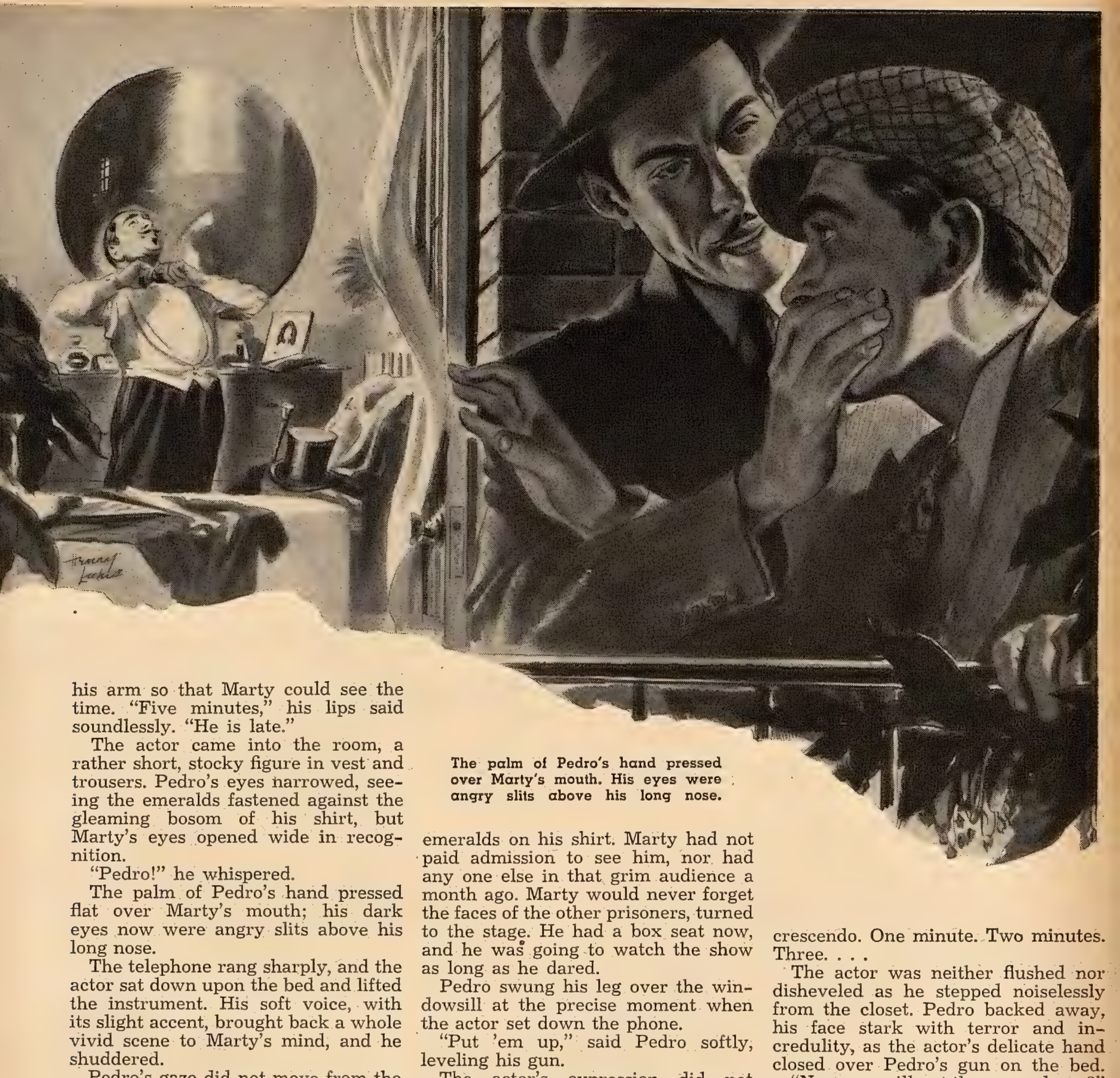
"Yeah?" said Marty.

Pedro's eyes were melted again, soft like a woman's eyes, and he was smiling. Pedro was smart, all right. Marty thought of the money in Pedro's pocket and of the Florida-bound bus. There wasn't anything he could do about it, though.

Everything was precisely as Pedro had said. They moved unseen from the sidewalk into the back yard. Dusk hung over the fire escape and the branches of ailanthus trees stirred in the hot August wind. The windows of the lower apartment were curtained; behind them, the East River was blurred with reflected lights.

Pedro lifted a finger to his lips as they reached the landing and saw lights burning in the actor's apartment. Crouched against the shadows, they looked inside. A black cape and silk hat were on a chair; a dinner jacket lay upon the bed. On a dressing table a gold cigarette case, a watch, and a black wallet waited to be transferred to the actor's pockets. Pedro extended his white wrist, held out

READING TIME ● 9 MINUTES



The palm of Pedro's hand pressed over Marty's mouth. His eyes were angry slits above his long nose.

his arm so that Marty could see the time. "Five minutes," his lips said soundlessly. "He is late."

The actor came into the room, a rather short, stocky figure in vest and trousers. Pedro's eyes narrowed, seeing the emeralds fastened against the gleaming bosom of his shirt, but Marty's eyes opened wide in recognition.

"Pedro!" he whispered.

The palm of Pedro's hand pressed flat over Marty's mouth; his dark eyes now were angry slits above his long nose.

The telephone rang sharply, and the actor sat down upon the bed and lifted the instrument. His soft voice, with its slight accent, brought back a whole vivid scene to Marty's mind, and he shuddered.

Pedro's gaze did not move from the actor's face as his lips spoke, close against Marty's ear. "Marty, thees is not for you," he said. "Thees is more than you bargained for. It would be creeminal to let him go. See—" He held out the roll of bills, and Marty saw the twenty on top. "Take w'at you need," he said. "Take it and go now, queeck, with your conscience clean. Because I am your friend." His lips smiled, but his eyes, sliding suddenly to Marty's face, were like a snake's.

Marty Owen wanted to laugh. "Thanks, pal," he said, and took the money.

"Go, then," whispered Pedro, and Marty nodded. Pedro was right. This was not for him.

For two decades audiences all over the world had paid out thousands of dollars to watch this man with the emeralds on his shirt. Marty had not paid admission to see him, nor had any one else in that grim audience a month ago. Marty would never forget the faces of the other prisoners, turned to the stage. He had a box seat now, and he was going to watch the show as long as he dared.

Pedro swung his leg over the windowsill at the precise moment when the actor set down the phone.

"Put 'em up," said Pedro softly, leveling his gun.

The actor's expression did not change; he did not move or protest. His hands went up almost in the gesture of a man yawning.

Pedro worked silently and swiftly, fastening the gag with expert fingers, snapping the handcuffs on the outstretched wrists, binding his ankles with the heavy cord of a bathrobe. Marty watched the Spaniard strip the emeralds from shirt front and cuffs before he shoved his victim into the wardrobe and locked the door.

There had not been a sound after Pedro's first soft command, and there was no sound now as Pedro scooped up the things on the dressing table and began going through the drawers. Marty held his breath waiting, staring at the wardrobe. In his ears there was a volume of remembered sound, the roll of drums, mounting, building, promising, in an almost unbearable crescendo. One minute. Two minutes. Three. . . .

The actor was neither flushed nor disheveled as he stepped noiselessly from the closet. Pedro backed away, his face stark with terror and incredulity, as the actor's delicate hand closed over Pedro's gun on the bed.

"Now you will put them up, please?" suggested the actor. "You will have made me ten minutes late for my performance, yet I am in your debt." He kissed his fingers. "What publicity! My press agent will wish to embrace you." Gently he prodded Pedro's back. "If you will step toward the telephone, please?"

Marty did not wait for the police. He read about it in the newspaper, next morning on the bus.

"Orlando, the Handcuff King, Turns Tables on Thief. The Man Nothing Can Hold Foils Burglar. Orlando the Great Gives Private Performance in East River Apartment."

The man who shared Marty's seat, and who was sharing his newspaper, said, "How do you suppose he does it?"

"Search me," said Marty happily. "Search me!"

THE END

SABOTAGE IN THE

The fire that did ruinous damage along the Jersey City water front on May 31, 1941.

The six saboteurs' fate concludes this disclosure of how the Gestapo has—thus far—been outwitted

BY ALAN HYND

LATE in July, 1941, while Kurt Ludwig, the now jittery mastermind of the one remaining New York spy ring, was heading west in his car, and while the suspected organization of Count Anastase Vonsiatsky was coming into clearer official focus, the curtain was going up in Manhattan on a drama that was to become an integral part of the overall sabotage picture.

A Ukrainian priest was sitting in his room in a hotel when a pale-faced, watery-eyed stranger of about fifty knocked on his door.

"I understand," said the caller, "that you stand in very well with a lot of Ukrainian people in this country who want to do all they can for Hitler."

The priest's face was expressionless. "And so?" he asked.

"I want a chance to do something, too," said the stranger. "I'm a good man; there's nothing I can't do. It seems to me Germany could use me and could make it worth my while."

READING TIME ● 28 MINUTES

"What do you have in mind?" asked the priest.

"Sabotage. I'm an expert. My name's Wozniak."

"Not Fiodore Wozniak?"

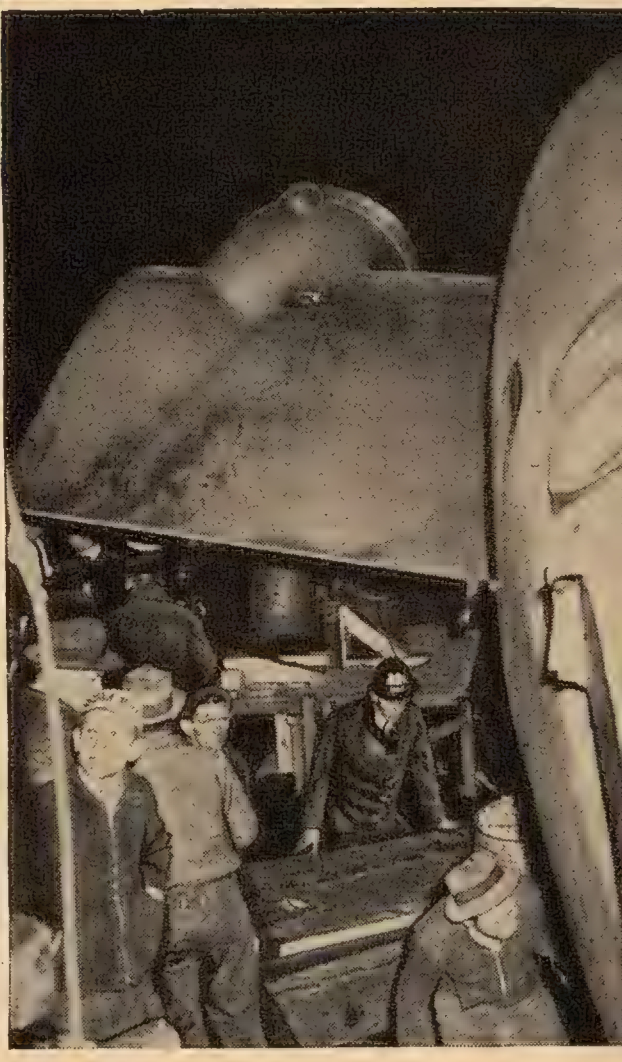
The man with the watery eyes nodded. "You remember me, then?"

The priest's head moved slowly up and down. "Who doesn't?" he said. "But tell me, Wozniak, aren't you taking a chance coming to me? It's true that I know many of those Ukrainians, particularly men around New York, but how do you know that I won't turn you in?"

Wozniak smiled. "You wouldn't dare," he said. "Now let's get down to business. Who can you put me in touch with?"

"That all depends on what you have in mind."

Wozniak was indeed a man with a past. He had first occupied a niche all his own in the hall of infamy a quarter of a century before—on January 11, 1917. On that day half a million shells destined for the Allies had gone off at the plant of the Canadian Car and Foundry Company at Kingsland, New Jersey. When the blast—one of the greatest of its kind in history—had spent itself, the loss had been found to be $17,000,000.



The Black Heron afire. Men trying to save one of her cargo of bombers for Britain.

Government agents had been able to ascertain that the Kingsland explosion was sabotage, and that it had been begun by means of an incendiary pencil left on the bench of a workman. That workman had been the same Fiodore Wozniak who was now

U.S.A. *THE STORY BEHIND THE NEWS*

The Cramp shipyards blaze. Were any or all of these big fires really due to sabotage?

grimly propositioning the Ukrainian priest.

Wozniak had never been prosecuted. Years after the Kingsland blast, when the law had finally caught up with him, he had offered to be a witness before the Mixed Claims Commission, which was endeavoring to determine Germany's guilt in such acts of sabotage as the Kingsland and Black Tom explosions. And so Wozniak had spoken into the record the true story of how he had been hired by agents of Franz von Papen—who, while naval attaché of the German Embassy in Washington, had been one of the Kaiser's directors of sabotage on this continent, and who is today the Nazi Ambassador to Turkey—to set off the Jersey explosion. And then he had faded into oblivion, not to reappear until the summer of 1941.

THAT day in the New York hotel room Wozniak reached into his pocket, pulled out a typewritten paper, and reeled off to the priest facts and figures about a series of strange and seemingly unrelated disasters in the earlier months of 1941. He began with one that had occurred on January 10, when a British freighter called the Black Heron mysteriously burned at the pier in Brooklyn where she was taking on a cargo of Douglas bombers.

Only ten days later a fire of undetermined origin swept through two wings of the Navy Department building in Washington. Two days after that there was a mysterious fire in the Philadelphia Navy Yard. Four days later a Navy administration building at Norfolk, Virginia, burned to the ground.

In February there were three major fires—all of undetermined origin—in powder plants, including the Frankford Arsenal in Philadelphia. This arsenal had no sooner repaired the damage from the first fire than a second one broke out, a month later.

In April the Navy Department's powder plant at Indian Head, Maryland, was the scene of a mysterious fire that caused almost a quarter of a million dollars damage, and in May piers and railroad yards from the Atlantic seaboard to the Pacific coast began going up in flames. On the last day of May the Jersey City water front was damaged by fire to the tune of $25,000,000. The Cramp shipyards in Philadelphia, which had large Navy contracts, had a fire that ran damage well into the millions. An arresting feature of this blaze was that it started in several places at once.

Two Chesapeake Line piers in Baltimore were gutted and several blocks of pier sheds in San Pedro, California, were destroyed by flames. Twelve hours of work were lost at the Mare Island Navy Yard in California when a quick series of inexplicable blasts blew out transformers.

A Pennsylvania express train bound from Cleveland to Pittsburgh was derailed in Pennsylvania and five persons were killed and more than a hundred injured, many seriously. Investigation disclosed that the wreck had occurred near a community infested with Nazi sympathizers.

The priest quite realized that Wozniak was making every effort to impress him and might well be lying in attributing all these disasters to sabotage, or might be mistaken about them. He pretended to be entirely unimpressed. "Some of those fires could have been accidents," he said when Wozniak paused for breath.

"Accidents hell!" replied the saboteur. "I know a lot of the people who

These are sabotage devices that the landed Nazis buried on a Florida beach.

pulled the jobs. I'm a better man than any of them, and I want a chance to cash in on my ability."

Now Wozniak went on to detail specifically what he had in mind. Suffice it to say here that he had gone far with certain hideous plans. He was up on all of the very latest sabotage devices. He began to talk to the priest about the newest incendiary pencils. "They got me the last time because my pencil wasn't destroyed in the fire. But the newest pencils—*they* burn so well that their casing is destroyed! There is no trace left—not the slightest."

The priest wanted more details about the pencils. Wozniak was glad to oblige. There were different kinds, he explained, and Berlin, he had been given to understand, was quite proud of them. The principle was the same as it had always been—the false lead point was snipped off when the pencil was to be used, and the oxygen thus let into a thin chamber would set the chemicals in it on fire. "The beauty of the pencils today is that they have perfected the timing," he said. "They have some that light up in five minutes, in others it's delayed a quarter of an hour, and they even have some that don't do it for hours."

He told how chemicals could be placed in two separate secret compartments in an ordinary-looking envelope. Such an envelope could at the proper time be crumpled, so that the chemicals would mix, and tossed into a wastebasket in a powder plant. In a little while a furious blaze would break out.

He knew all about the similar incendiary devices in which the chemicals were concealed in fruits and vegetables. Besides, he said, the Germans had perfected a fine new poison, ideal for introducing into food shipments. They had also perfected a bomb to be placed in a tomato can; it would explode the moment the can was punctured with an opener and kill any one within twenty feet of it. By means of a counterfeit label this device could be slipped into large shipments of canned goods.

"So you see," Wozniak concluded, "I have kept up with developments. I guess you don't doubt now that I'd be valuable."

"I don't doubt it for a minute," said the priest. "Come back in a couple of days and I may have news for you."

Wozniak, of course, went away very pleased with himself, thinking he had made quite an impression. He had, indeed—but not as he thought. The priest had decided to do a little counter-espionage work, and to turn his information over to the United States government.

Two days later, when Wozniak went back to the hotel, the priest said to him, "I'm going to suggest your name to Count Vonsiatsky. "You know who he is, of course."

Wozniak nodded. "A very clever man," he said.

The priest went up to the count's estate near Thompson, Connecticut. The White Russian had heard of him and was glad to see him. The stratagem was that the priest was to get into Vonsiatsky's confidence by pretending to have on a string other saboteurs like Wozniak. He was to endeavor to maneuver things so that Wozniak would be occupied in making contacts rather than in actual sabotage; through those contacts, government agents could get a line on as many potential saboteurs as possible before closing in on Wozniak.

Vonsiatsky took the priest and his ostensible purposes at face value. "We're going to have a big meeting at a hotel in Chicago next week," he told him. "I want you to attend."

MEANWHILE the F. B. I. had been swelling its dossier on the count. This White Russian might have stepped from the pages of fiction. In 1921 he was a refugee in Paris, following the revolution in his native land. The fact that he did not have a pot to cook in didn't prevent him from cutting a high, wide, and handsome swath in the French metropolis. He strummed the balalaika, discoursed passionately and bitterly about the Reds, sipped free drinks with a certain air, and was altogether charming. Among those who fell under his spell was a woman twenty-two years his senior—Mrs. Marian Ream Buckingham Stephens, heiress to a $40,000,000 Chicago fortune. He married her, and they went to live in a very modest rented home in Ridley Park, a suburb of Philadelphia. The count took a job in the Baldwin Locomotive Works at eighteen dollars a week. He blandly announced to press and public that his wife was going to live on his salary.

Needless to say, he didn't stay at his job very long, and presently he and his bride were seen at the swank watering places in this country and in Europe.

Little more than a decade after he had married, Vonsiatsky was busy in Tokyo, hobnobbing with big shots

Of Hitler's eight saboteurs landed from U-boats, these six went to the electric chair. Left to right: Hermann Neubauer, Heinrich Heinck, Werner Thiel, Edward John Kerling, Richard Quirin, and Herbert Hans Haupt. The other two, having "sung," went to prison.

of the Japanese government. He had also grown intimate with Gregori Semenoff, a White Russian bandit leader who was biding his time in Manchuria against the day when he could return to his native land with a small army of White Russians, well equipped by the Japanese, and get a crack at the Reds. From Tokyo the count had gone to Berlin, where he and little Goebbels, the Propaganda Minister, had become quite chummy.

When the Ukrainian priest met Vonsiatsky in the hotel in Chicago in the summer of 1941, he found four other persons present—the same four that the F. B. I. had previously linked to the count: Gerhard Wilhelm Kunze, the Camden, New Jersey, Bund leader; the Rev. Kurt Molzahn, the Lutheran clergyman from Philadelphia and ex-German Army officer; Dr. Otto Willumeit, Chicago Bund big shot; and Dr. Wolfgang Ebell, an El Paso physician.

The count had big plans. He was working for both Germany and Japan. He, Kunze, and Willumeit, he announced, had made valuable contacts over a period of years. When war between Germany and the United States began—and he assured his auditors that it was only a few months off—he, Kunze, and Doc Willumeit would be in a fine position to make an all-out attack against the United States on several sabotage fronts.

The count himself had, despite his lush background, maintained contacts with common workmen, dating back to his Baldwin Locomotive days. He knew key men, too, in the duPont Powder Works at Wilmington, Delaware, and in various aircraft and war industry plants in New York State and in the New England states, and in the Army, Navy, Marines, and Coast Guard. Kunze, the Bund leader, had Hitlerites planted in vital spots in more than twenty vital establishments. So had Dr. Willumeit.

THE Rev. Molzahn and Dr. Ebell were to play somewhat different roles in the espionage drama the count was directing. Molzahn, being a clergyman and therefore unlikely to arouse censors' suspicions, was to be used as the mail drop for information coming through for the count from Germany. Dr. Ebell, being a physician who had lived in Mexico before moving to Texas, and whom both the United States and the Mexican border patrolmen were accustomed to seeing go across and therefore would presumably be lax in searching, was to be one means by which Vonsiatsky would get information out of this country and on its way to Japan.

The plan was for Ebell and Kunze to transmit information in four different ways during visits south of the border. The first way would be by mail from Mexico to Japan, a route that circumvented British censorship. The second way would be by couriers working on Japanese vessels that called at Mexican ports. The third would be by short-wave radio. Vonsiatsky knew that the Mexican government had no counterpart of our Federal Communications Commission's traveling monitors, which quickly locate short-wave sets. The fourth way was to be by direct contact with Japanese submarines that would surface in Mexican waters.

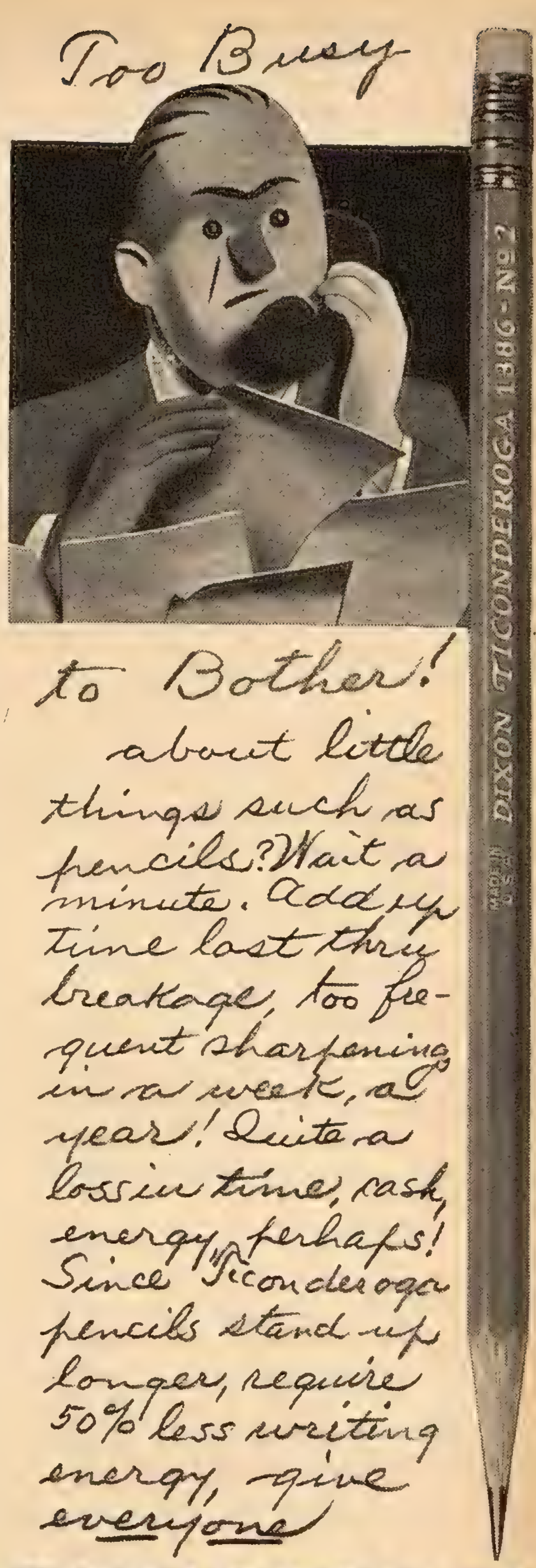
The Ukrainian priest certainly got an earful at the Chicago hotel. When Vonsiatsky was through talking, the priest came forward with the suggestion for putting Wozniak to work—but, for the time being, at work only on making contacts in production plants. "I'll supply all the money needed for expenses of good men," said the count. He lit a monogrammed cigarette, and as he swaggered up and down he boasted that he was going to write his own ticket in either Berlin or Tokyo—whichever he preferred—after the United States was reduced to its vassal destiny by the super-races. "I might take over Goebbels' post," he said. "Or I might take charge of Manchukuo."

ABOUT the art of sabotage he knew all Wozniak knew, and a good deal more. Toward the close of the conference he began to laugh over the ease with which, in his opinion, sabotage could be perpetrated in American industrial plants. He mentioned emery dust and how a little of it would quickly incapacitate an important piece of machinery. "I know what I'm talking about," he said, "for in one of his letters to me Herr von Ribbentrop told me how much trouble the Nazis are having with Czech workmen who use emery dust." He told his listeners about some experiments with it that the Germans had been carrying on in their own arms factories.

Vonsiatsky and Kunze and Willumeit then began to speculate on the amount of sabotage that could be perpetrated in aircraft factories by secreting a small explosive device in a spark plug, a device that wouldn't take effect until a plane had been in the air for a certain length of time. Then the pilot would hear a sharp crackling sound, but too late. Before he could do anything, the fumes from his gasoline would catch fire and it would be curtains for the plane.

G-men who had been trailing Ludwig, the boss of the New York spy ring, found themselves in Fremont, Ohio, which they knew was his birthplace. They were hardly surprised when he went from there to the county seat at Sandusky and obtained a copy of his birth certificate at the courthouse. The supposition was that Ludwig was headed for the Pacific Coast and that he wanted his birth data because he planned to sail from Seattle or San Francisco for Germany by way of Japan.

While in Ohio he visited Fort Clinton and Camp Erie, and made observations through binoculars and jotted notes on memorandum cards. He also visited the vicinity of an experimental aircraft station near Wright Field. Apparently discovering that the guards there were vigilant, he parked on a side road that afforded an excellent



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view of the field, with bombers taking off and landing, and removed a tire from his car. While pretending to fix this tire that did not need fixing, he made notes of what he saw.

On August 7 he was in Detroit, buzzing around Selfridge Field. Later in the day he called at the Ford Motor Plant, where an old friend of his, Fritz Kuhn, the now jailed New York Bundist, had once been employed. Ludwig now had another friend in the Ford plant, and he was soon being taken on a tour of inspection.

From Michigan he went into Missouri, to the Lake of the Ozarks district, where he took photographs of Bagnell Dam to his heart's content. From Missouri he went to Colorado, and on August 21 he entered the East Gate of Yellowstone National Park. He seemed to suspect that he was being followed, for he had no sooner entered than he began to drive erratically, sometimes slowing down to low gear and at other times traveling at dangerously high speed. When he arrived at Old Faithful Inn, he spent between fifteen and twenty minutes slowly circling the driveway, as if to make certain that he wasn't being followed. Then, all of a sudden, he shot away at eighty miles an hour.

THE spymaster had entered the park early in the morning. It was four in the afternoon when he arrived at Mammoth Hot Springs and checked into Cabin Number 47 in a grove of tall pines. Agents secreted themselves behind some of the trees, and at dusk they saw smoke issuing from the chimney of Ludwig's cabin. They knew he had no food with him, so they figured that he was getting rid of incriminating evidence. Not that that bothered them in the least. They weren't ready to strike yet; he might lead them to other Axis agents. When he left the cabin, they would go in and gather up the charred remains of what he had burned. It would be carefully placed on beds of cotton and shipped to the F. B. I. Laboratory in Washington. There whatever had been written on the papers burned would be restored as if by magic. That was old and simple stuff to the F. B. I.

Ludwig's next stop of importance was Butte, Montana. At the Northern Pacific Railway station he checked two suitcases to an address in Dumont, New Jersey. It began to look as if he had gone through them while in that cabin and burned what he no longer needed, or what was too hot. Now unquestionably he was preparing to flee the country.

He was in the State of Washington, approaching the little coal and lumber town of Cle Elum, about a hundred miles east of Seattle, when J. Edgar Hoover, in Washington, decided that it was time to strike. The charred remains that had been taken from the cabin fireplace had revealed plenty—about the past, the present, and the future. The suitcases shipped to New Jersey had been intercepted and found to contain about fifty military maps and other top-drawer intelligence. So the chief of the G-men flashed the word. Mueller and Pagel, the waterfront boys; Lucy Boehmler, Ludwig's secretary; Helen Pauline Mayer, the Brooklyn housewife who had been so adept at gathering data from unsuspecting acquaintances who worked in aircraft plants; and Private René Froehlich, the traitorous soldier at Governors Island, were taken into custody simultaneously. Dr. Borchardt, the analyst of the ring, wasn't nailed just yet; the F. B. I. wanted to give him a little more line to see where he might lead.

Extradited from Mexico, Kunze tries to look impressive in Federal Court in New York.

Ludwig himself came to the end of the trail in Cle Elum. He just found himself confronted by two G-men and that's all there was to it. As in the Duquesne round-up, these arrests were simple and undramatic. The drama had all gone before.

LUDWIG was taken to Spokane and placed in Federal custody pending his return East. Special Deputy Marshal Ray Killian was assigned to guard him. He immediately showed a tendency to make friends with his guard. Killian sensed what was coming and acted accordingly. He put on a pretty good act, too. He let drop a few remarks about how he was having trouble making ends meet on his salary.

"Say," asked Ludwig one day, "how would you like to make fifty thousand dollars in cash?"

Killian widened his eyes. "How?" he whispered.

"By letting me out of here."

"How could I do that without being found out?"

Ludwig smiled. "It's easy," he said. "Just have a duplicate made of the key you have and give it to me. I'll let myself out and lock up behind me, and they'll think I've been clever enough to make a key right here in the cell."

Killian pretended to be thoughtful. "That doesn't sound like a bad idea," he said. "But look—how can I be sure I'll get the dough?"

Ludwig placed a reassuring hand on his shoulder. "You'll have it within twenty-four hours. I'll meet you outside, and all I have to do is to wire Buenos Aires for the money."

"You know somebody down there who would send you *that* much?"

Ludwig, in his anxiety to convince Killian, named his Buenos Aires contact. Killian passed the word along to United States Attorney Lyle Keith. A quick check-up disclosed that he had given a real name and address—and thus one more secret was wrested from this Nazi spy ring even after the boss of it was jugged.

The officer continued to play along with Ludwig. He found out one other fact—an important one relating to Dr. Borchardt's close link to the Nazi hierarchy. When it became evident that there was no further information to be milked from the prisoner, Killian gave him the horse laugh on his fifty-grand proposition, and he found himself on a Federal plane, eastbound. Shortly after his arrival in New York, Borchardt was taken into custody. Lucy Boehmler had in the meantime cracked and agreed to become the principal witness against the defendants when trial time rolled around.

FOLLOWING the arrest of the Ludwig spy ring, the Vonsiatsky crowd pulled in its horns. The Nazis that the G-men still had in their sights were definitely jittery now. Even Werner von Clemm, the New York socialite importer, showed a decided tendency to go easy on suspected plans for trying to sneak into this country the millions in diamonds that the Nazis had seized in the Low Countries.

In the fall Duquesne went on trial in the United States Court for the Eastern District of New York, in Brooklyn. Most of his thirty-two codefendants had in the meantime pleaded guilty to a charge of conspiracy to violate the espionage laws. Movies, dictograph records, and other incriminating data that the F. B. I. had piled up had been too much for them. Duquesne's paramour, Evelyn Clayton Lewis, pleaded guilty to failure to register as an agent of a foreign power. Herman Lang, the bombsight plant employee, was one of the thirteen who elected to go on trial with Fritz the Boer. Last December 12 all were found guilty. Duquesne and Lang got eighteen years in prison, and other sentences ranged from eighteen years down, the boys and girls being lucky that their crimes had been committed in peacetime, not wartime.

On February 3, 1942, United States Attorney Mathias F. Correa went to bat against the Ludwig gang in the Southern District of New York. With the aid of three of his most valuable associates—Executive Assistant John F. Sonnett and Assistants Max D. Novack and Silvio J. Mollo—Correa rang the bell with convictions right down the line. Ludwig, Borchardt, and Froehlich went up for twenty years; Helen Mayer and Mueller got fifteen, as did Pagel, who had pleaded guilty. Lucy Boehmler drew five years, and it would have been heavier had she not assisted Uncle Sam.

It was in December that Werner von Clemm, the diamond importer, began to appear as his old arrogant self again. British and American operatives intercepted cables and wireless messages from his Pioneer Import Corporation in New York to obvious Nazi blinds in Lisbon and Zurich. These messages, decoded, disclosed that the Nazis were all ready to unload the Low Countries diamonds disguised as stones of German workmanship.

Toward the first of the year, when the Customs men were quite busy looking over late Christmas presents arriving for Americans from friends abroad, Von walked into the Appraiser's stores to claim a shipment of $50,000 worth of stones. The stones lacked the feathers, fractures, and carbon spots commonly to be found in Von's diamonds. The Customs men couldn't be legally certain that they were not what he represented them to be. The suspicion was that the Germans had begun to cut up big stones into smaller ones, making detection that much more difficult.

But Von made a slip after that shipment was passed through. He went to a telegraph office and shot a cable to a Nazi blind in Rio. When the cable was decoded, the investigators found that he had congratulated his Hun associates on cutting up the stones and instructed them to try to send some bigger ones next time. And so in January there came through a shipment worth more than $100,000.

SUCCESS had gone to Hun heads. These stones were unmistakably of Belgian workmanship, which is distinctive. Von claimed they were of German workmanship, and his goose was cooked, and Hitler's plan for financing an army of spies and saboteurs was nipped in the bud. Von was indicted for violating the Customs laws. He was tried last summer—again with United States Attorney Correa personally prosecuting. The importer was found guilty, and on August 24 Judge James P. Leamy handed him two years.

By last summer the F. B. I. was able to anticipate many Nazi moves before they were made. In the Vonsiatsky investigation, the Ukrainian priest furnished data as to what information Vonsiatsky, Kunze, and Doc Willumeit were collecting. Mail coming from Germany for Molzahn, the Philadelphia clergyman, was being intercepted, and so the G-men knew in advance just what Berlin was after, and plugged the gaps. Kunze was going into Mexico, but the Mexican police, co-operating with the F. B. I., were keeping close tabs on him.

The count was still riding high, wide, and handsome to some extent. He was employing the Duquesne technique of shaking shadows, and once in a while he would succeed and the G-men wouldn't learn until later that he had been in, for instance, the duPont Powder Works, obtaining samples.

In June of this year the word went out. The count was nailed on a Providence, Rhode Island, street while window-shopping. The Rev. Molzahn, Doc Willumeit, and Doc Ebell were picked up simultaneously. Only Kunze was out of the net. He was in Mexico. But the Mexican police attended to him and he was extradited.

All of Vonsiatsky's ring except Molzahn pleaded guilty and were soon jailbound. The clergyman went on trial in Federal Court in Hartford, and got a guilty verdict and a ten-year prison sentence for his trouble. Fiodore Wozniak was picked up in July as an enemy alien. Before his arrest, a dozen others like him were nailed too.

BUT even as it smashed the Vonsiatsky ring, the F. B. I. still had a big and grave problem remaining—the problem of all those young Huns who had gone back to Germany to attend Hitler's sabotage academy. Certainly, with the war on, they would be due here any time.

Late in May, J. Edgar Hoover got a tip that some of them were on their way over. Just how the tip came cannot be disclosed until after the war. But the G-men's chief knew, late in May, that the saboteurs were going to attempt a rubber-boat landing either on Long Island or in Florida, or in both places. The waters near certain parts of Long Island and Florida are ideal for subs to lie on the bottom until it's time to surface. Hoover tightened the watch he had long kept on Nazis on Long Island, in the Yorkville section of Manhattan, in Florida, and in Chicago. He figured that if the saboteurs made a successful landing, they would seek asylum from such people until it was time to begin work.

The story of how the eight saboteurs landed—four off the coast of Amagansett, Long Island, the night of June 13, and four off Ponte Vedra Beach in Florida four nights later—is too well known to be repeated here. How they buried their infernal devices in the sands, and what their program of destruction was, is also well known. But not so well known are some of the details of the detective work that resulted in their capture.

The Coast Guard, which had discovered the landing at Amagansett about midnight on a Saturday, did not notify the F. B. I. for more than eight hours. Hoover reasoned that the saboteurs would never have planned on staying in such a small place as Amagansett, where they would be easily detected. He decided that they had probably taken the first available train out of the town, since an automobile could hardly have been waiting for anything as indefinite as a rubber-boat landing from a submarine.

G-men went to the Amagansett station of the Long Island Rail Road. There had been a train out early Sunday morning for New York City, almost two hours away. The ticket agent described four men who had boarded the train. G-men shuffled through pictures taken at Bund camps a long time before, and George John Dasch,

YOU WOULDN'T DO THIS!
RUBE GOLDBERG
NUTS
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DOUBLE EDGE BLADES
BUT . . . *you should use your head when you buy razor blades!* Why pay more . . . when 25¢ now buys 18 of the keenest razor blades you ever used . . . Berkeley Blades! Switch to Berkeley today. Made of fine watch-spring steel; precision honed. Money-back guarantee!

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the former New York waiter, was identified.

The train had reached New York before the G-men knew about it, so there was no chance of picking the saboteurs off it. Trainmen, however, recalled that the four had ridden in the smoking car, and that two had gotten off at Jamaica, about twenty-five minutes short of Manhattan, while the other two—one of them Dasch—had ridden in.

Dasch was going to be an easy man to trail because he was tall and his hawklike face was one that would be remembered. He had always had a big appetite, and the G-men figured that he would patronize the Broadway restaurants. Within forty-eight hours they got a rumble. Dasch had been in a famous corned-beef-and-cabbage emporium!

Herbert Haupt, the young Chicago optical worker, was definitely not one of the four Long Island saboteurs. The ticket agent at Amagansett had said positively that Haupt's picture looked like none of them. But after the Florida landing was discovered, G-men watched his parents' home in Chicago. They also watched the former Windy City haunts of his friend Hermann Neubauer, formerly a cook in a Loop hotel.

A certain Nazi who lived in Astoria, Long Island, not far from Jamaica, began ordering more food than his household needed—unless he had company. A watch was put on his house, and there was evidence that one or more persons were inside who were making it a point to keep under cover. Then, by means of their own, G-men ascertained that Richard Quirin, a one-time Syracuse mechanic, and Heinrich Harm Heinck, an ex-waiter in New York restaurants—both of whom had been repatriated to attend the sabotage academy in Berlin—were being hidden out by the Astoria Nazi.

Big Dasch's trail was picked up in a Broadway restaurant, and he was trailed to, of all places, the Governor Clinton—a fine hotel which, of course, has no control over who registers. There he contacted a suspicious-looking young man of sullen countenance named Ernst Peter Burger. The F. B. I. had nothing on Burger; in fact, they had never heard of him. But they took a picture of him with a concealed camera, and he was identified as one of the four landed on Long Island.

MEANTIME, in Chicago, Haupt showed up at his parents' home, and he also went to see his fiancée Gerda Meland, the beauty-parlor girl, who knew nothing about what he had been up to. Tailing Haupt, the G-men came upon Neubauer, who had, as they had suspected, returned to Chicago with his pal. That meant that six of the eight were in the sights. Edward Kerling, the young man who had been observed on the suspicious yawl in Long Island Sound almost three years before, showed up in New York when he looked up Dasch and Burger. The eighth man, Werner Thiel, a former New York and Indiana Bundist, came in sight when Burger went to meet him.

Arrests were made on Long Island, in New York, and in Chicago simultaneously, in the best F. B. I. tradition. Dasch and Burger "sang," and thereby saved their own lives. Quirin, Thiel, Heinck, Neubauer, Kerling, and Haupt went to the electric chair in the District of Columbia jail the second Saturday in August, after they had been found guilty of violation of the wartime espionage laws by a military tribunal.

But the end is not yet. There may be other saboteurs abroad in the land. Unquestionably others are preparing to come, again by rubber boat from a submarine, and perhaps by parachute. Still others may have been here all the time, awaiting only the opportunity to slip through a ring of vigilance around a vital spot.

The F. B. I. is on the job. That goes without saying. But the F. B. I. needs help. *Your* help. Keep your eyes open, and your mouth shut.

What became of the kin in Germany of William Sebold, the counter-espionage ace? That question cannot be answered at this time. The official response to it is, "No comment. Sorry." Sebold himself—the man who placed his own life and the lives of others near and dear to him second, and the safety of his adopted country first—has disappeared into shadowy corridors, not to appear again until the bells of victory ring.

THE END

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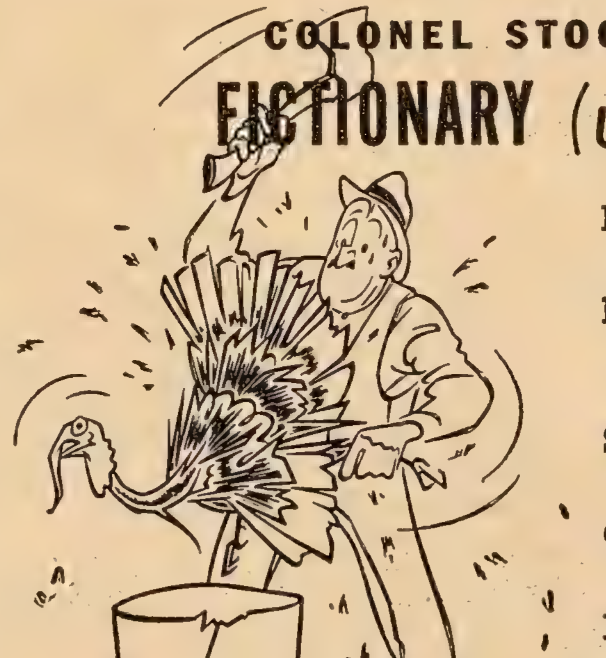
COLONEL STOOPNAGLE'S FICTIONARY (Unabashed)



AXECUTION: A fatal complaint of turkeys.

WHAMNESIA: When you forget there's a wall in front of you.

PALCOHOLIC: A drinking companion.

PREWRECKUISITE: An extra drink before you drive your car home.

SMALLSTOY: Tolstoy's little brother.

CALMUNIST: A placid Russian.

FRANCEGRESSOR: Laval.

FEWNITED STATES: When there were only thirteen of them.

GUNGA DIN: An American expression, commonly used in the sentence, "If you haven't got your key, how are you gunga din?"

MADSHIPMAN: A sailor who didn't get shore leave.

Veronica Lake and Fredric March in the gay René Clair comedy, I Married a Witch.

CANDID CLOSE-UPS

OF PICTURES AND PERSONALITIES

BY BEVERLY HILLS

Escapist Fun:

I MARRIED A WITCH

FREDRIC MARCH and Veronica Lake have a high old time in this bright new René Clair comedy. It's a completely irresponsible picture the fine French director has fashioned from Thorne Smith's last book, The Passionate Witch. For sheer escapist fun it's not to be missed. The opening scene is set in 1690, with March as Jonathan Wooley, a long-faced Puritan who has denounced Jennifer (Veronica Lake) as a witch, due to a disconcerting episode in a hayloft; and her genial father (Cecil Kellaway) as an aiding and abetting sorcerer. Jennifer puts a curse upon Master Wooley as the flames begin to crackle—upon him, and his children, and his children's children: They will never be happy in love.

And so it was—up to the present, when we meet Master Jonathan in the modern guise of pompous Wallace Wooley, candidate for governor and fiancé of the wrong woman. Jennifer and Daniel, by a convenient trick, are turned loose on the unfortunate Wooley in time to break up his marriage and very nearly ruin his reputation—until Jennifer, having bewitched him into falling in love with her, is herself bewitched, and despite all her father's magic powers marries Wallace in a comfortably mortal manner. The evil spirit broken, the picture ends with the happy couple in the governor's mansion—for of course Jennifer's sorcery won Wooley the election—the proud parents of three charming children. The only flaw in their happiness is the baby girls' unfortunate tendency toward riding around on broomsticks.

Veronica Lake is a delightful Jennifer, and Fredric March as Wooley has one of the ruefully romantic roles he plays so well. As a family friend, Robert Benchley is personally responsible for a good many of the heartiest laughs.

(Cinema Guild-United Artists.)

A Tuneful Riot:

SPRINGTIME IN THE ROCKIES

TAILORED to the talents of its large and expensive cast, this new movie musical furnishes a field day for such volcanic performers as Carmen Miranda, Betty Grable, Cesar Romero, and Charlotte Greenwood—also John Payne and Edward Everett Horton who, by comparison with their explosive teammates, are merely dynamic.

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES

It's a
BIG PICTURE

THE MOST THRILLING DRAMA OF THIS WAR
FLYING TIGERS

Great as the courage of the American Volunteer Group, whose exploits thrilled the world. A spectacular film tribute to their daring!

Starring
JOHN WAYNE
JOHN CARROLL · ANNA LEE
with
PAUL KELLY
GORDON JONES
MAE CLARKE
BILL SHIRLEY

BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

It's a
REPUBLIC PICTURE

It is mostly Miranda's show as a matter of fact, whether she is performing a riotous rumba or, in her screwball role of half-Irish, half-Brazilian secretary to handsome hero Payne, is further complicating his already hectic romance with the lushly blonde Betty Grable. Impudent, engaging, and always funny, Miranda makes Springtime in the Rockies her own gay good-will gesture to South and North American audiences alike.

When Betty Grable and Romero stick to their dancing they are a delight, swaying in dazzling technicolor to soft music; but their efforts to carry off a stock comedy scene in Miss Grable's make-believe boudoir, with John Payne as the rival on the balcony, are painful and pretentious. It takes Miranda, with E. E. Horton as the shrinking valet (with hidden millions) whom she pursues with indefatigable good humor, to keep the fun contagious.

Hollywood's most recent "trend"—toward featuring big-name bands to lure the jitterbugs from their parlor rug-cutting into the movie theaters—is continued here with the appearance of Harry James, the trumpeter, and his Music Makers, who beat out several new tunes which will probably very shortly find a high place on the hit parade.

(Twentieth Century-Fox.)

Miranda in Springtime in the Rockies.

Personality of the Week:

CARMEN MIRANDA

THE so-called Brazilian Bombshell had a surprisingly demure beginning. She was born Maria do Carmo da Cunha in Portugal. When her parents moved to Brazil, little Maria was sent to convent school. At sixteen she went to work in a department store. It was during lunch hour in the store that her career as an entertainer began. She loved to sing, and found an audience among the girls behind the counters. She happened to be heard by a guitarist, who invited her to appear with him on his radio program. Listening in was the representative of a phonograph company, who at once signed her up to make records. Later, when night-club offers came, Maria changed her name to Carmen Miranda.

Miranda's fame soon spread as far as New York and before long she was appearing on Broadway, in The Streets of Paris. Her picturesque song style, her bizarre costumes made her a toast of the town. Since her contract prevented her from leaving New York, Hollywood had to send a director and technical crew East to film her scenes for her first movie, Down Argentine Way. Now Miranda has finished her fourth picture (Springtime in the Rockies) and has bought a home in Hollywood, where she lives with her mother and many relatives. She has never married—but says she left her heart back in Brazil.

RECOMMENDED PICTURES OF THE LAST THREE MONTHS

For Me and My Gal, The Hard Way, George Washington Slept Here, Flying Tigers, The Glass Key, The Road to Morocco, My Sister Eileen, The Moon and Sixpence, Iceland, Between Us Girls, Now Voyager, One of Our Aircraft Is Missing, The Major and the Minor, Somewhere I'll Find You, Wake Island, Tales of Manhattan, Men of Texas, The Talk of the Town, Footlight Serenade, Bambi, Desperate Journey.

MY WORTHY OPPONENT

Continued from Page 13

plush-and-horsehair suite: dresser drawers were pulled out and emptied, the floor was strewn with various articles of feminine apparel dragged hastily from closets, a number of partly packed suitcases and hatboxes stood by the door. The Reform Party banner had been ripped from the window and spread over the desk as a tablecloth, supporting glasses, seltzer, ice. In the center of all this confusion, Nina squatted cross-legged on an upended trunk, holding a highball glass in one hand and the telephone in the other.

"'Nother Scotch," she told the bartender in the cocktail lounge downstairs, "only this time make it gin. I'm tired of rye."

She turned another page of the script propped in her lap. Her eyes moved down the typewritten lines of dialogue with increasing interest; now and then her blonde head nodded slightly in agreement and her lovely scarlet lips pronounced the words half aloud.

"'You see, George,'" she read, "'there are some things that mean more to a woman than being famous. If she can share her life with the man she loves—comfort him in his sorrows, enjoy his triumphs—that is career enough. You can be first in the hearts of your countrymen, but let me be first in your heart.'"

Her eyes were glowing with sincerity. She set down her highball, rose solemnly, and crossed her hands before her breast as though she were clasping an old-fashioned shawl. She faced George Washington demurely.

"You see, George," she said, swaying slightly, "there are some things that mean more to a woman than being famous. If she can share her life with the man she loves . . . man she loves . . ." She glanced at the script. ". . . that is career enough."

She drained the remainder of her highball in a gulp. The glow in her eyes had become a gleam.

"You can be the first in the hearts of your countrymen," she said, "but let me be first in your heart. . . ."

LOU ERNST removed the slightly frayed butt from his lower lip and replaced it luxuriously with a brand-new cigarette in an ivory holder. He peered through the ensuing cloud of smoke at a lone figure seated in a far corner of the cocktail lounge, and his face lighted in an expansive smile.

"Well, Mr. Merrow," advancing with hand extended, "I guess you're in a mood to be congratulated."

"Thanks," said John Merrow morosely.

"With Nina out of the race now and going back to Hollywood," said Lou, "you're a cinch to get the nomination. I guess you ought to be feeling pretty good."

"I guess I ought to," said John Merrow.

Lou's expansive mood increased; he glanced at his watch. "Our train don't go yet for an hour," he suggested. "Mind if I join you while I'm waiting for Nina?" He called to the bartender, "A bottle of champagne."

"Well . . ." Lou filled the glasses. "Here's to our mutual success."

John Merrow touched his glass to his lips and paused suddenly. Puzzled, Lou turned and glanced in the direction of his companion's gaze. His smile faded. Nina was advancing toward them, the folded script under her arm. Lou frowned. "Nina honey, we're late. The train's leaving . . ."

She brushed him aside. "Let it. I'm not."

"But . . . your picture!" Lou gasped. "Your whole career . . ."

"You see, Lou," she said slowly, "there're some things mean more to a woman than being famous." She braced herself on the back of his chair; the gleam in her eyes had become a glint. "If she can share her life with the man she loves—comfort him in his triumphs, enjoy his sorrows—that's career enough."

She turned to John Merrow and her face dissolved in a radiant smile.

"You can be first in hearts your countrymen," she murmured, "but let me be first in your heart. . . ."

ON his way out, alone, Lou paused beside the bar and laid a bill on the mahogany counter. "For the drinks," he told the bartender. "I just lost an election bet."

The bartender looked puzzled. "Is it over already?"

"It's over," said Lou, "as far as I'm concerned."

THE END

THIS MAN'S WAR

CONDUCTED BY OLD SARGE

OFFICIAL U. S. NAVY PHOTO

Guarding a merchantman, a navy gun crew gets the range from the ensign in charge of it.

THE Kodiak (Alaska) Bear is one of the 500-odd Army papers now being published. Produced under incredible difficulties, the Bear has more than made a name for itself. Following is an article which recently appeared in its columns, and which Old Sarge recommends to every soldier, present and future:

"Occasionally a pal back home writes he is soon to join the armed forces. Reading between the lines, we detect a note of worry and anxiety. To these pals, and many like them, just a few tips on how to take it:

"1. Mix with the others and form new friendships. Learn to tolerate their views even if you don't agree. You'll have to live with them.

"2. Don't be a 'know-it-all' broadcasting your wisdom on 500,000 watts and shouting your qualities from the housetop.

"3. Respect your superiors. Those eagles, leafs, bars, and stripes are not mere ornaments. They mean that the wearer is there to teach and direct. He didn't get them from the grab bag.

"4. Keep your eyes and ears open, and your mouth shut as much as possible, except to ask sensible questions.

"5. Learn and practice military courtesy. Put some life into that salute. Say 'sir' even if not used to it.

"6. Don't be a chronic beefer. Beef once in a while, but only to your buddies who know you don't really mean it. Don't complain to outsiders, who will misunderstand and exaggerate.

"7. Don't shirk duty. Geebees soon lose the respect of men and officers. Sick call is for the sick—not to kill time and avoid work.

"8. If you come from a prominent family, don't talk about it. The Army recognizes no class distinction. If you were well off in civil life, skip it. To us you're just a buck private rookie. We don't give a hang if your uncle was a captain or a major at dear old Camp Mushbowl and grandpa led a charge at San Juan—it's what *you* are that counts. The Army doesn't kowtow to bluebloods or listen openmouthed to tales of past glory.

"9. Don't knock your organization. It is what you make it. Pitch in to build, don't tear down.

"10. Don't list nonexistent or exaggerated qualifications. Deeds speak louder than claims. The truth will out.

"11. Don't be afraid to study. Curiosity never killed a soldier. Find out what makes it tick and maybe you'll work your way to a promotion.

READING TIME ● 5 MINUTES

"12. Don't lean over the fence for the grass on the other side. It's not any greener. When assigned to a unit, make yourself part of it; don't try to transfer from one to the other unless qualifications indicate that it would be best for all concerned.

"13. Don't belittle units of other services or branches. We're all Uncle Sam's nephews and Old Glory is our mutual emblem. Each branch and service has its place.

"14. Take things calmly. Don't act without thinking, but don't think too long. This isn't chess. Rely on yourself but follow rules and instructions. A pilotless plane comes down just as hard as a planeless pilot.

"15. We are at war. We didn't start it, but we'll finish it. You hate to leave home and job as much as we did, but if you don't there won't be any home or job, because the Rising Sun doesn't represent Santa Claus and Nazis are not a charitable organization. Don't expect George to do it, because George never won a war alone. It's Johnny Doughboy who does the trick—and, buddy, you're it!

"So, brother, fall in, let's go!"

* * *

In spite of four years in the National Guard, plus a term at West Point, I chose the Navy. No regrets to date, except for the matter of no credit for my previous military service. Can National Guard service be counted in Regular Army longevity and is it transferable to a Navy man's service record?

M. R. H., S1/c, USNRAB,
Gardner, Kan.

Sorry, no. Only Army, Navy, or Marine Corps service can be counted for longevity purposes of enlisted men. Services in the National Guard, Enlisted Reserve, R. O. T. C., or C. M. T. C. is not credited. The Army and Navy have a reciprocal arrangement about recognition of longevity credits. Your company clerk (or his equivalent in your outfit) should know all about it.

* * *

Through no fault of my own, my honorable discharge from the Army was unintentionally destroyed. Is it possible to obtain a copy?

S/Sgt. H. L. B., Harrisburg, Pa.

Only one discharge certificate is issued to an individual, but if it is lost or stolen or destroyed a certificate in lieu of the original discharge can be obtained upon application to the Adjutant General, Washington, D. C.

* * *

As you know, there is no Officer Candidate School for men in the Corps of Military Police. Can you tell me if and how it is possible to secure a commission from the ranks? I have over eight years' service, seven of them as a N. C. O.; I am a high-school graduate and had three years of college. What other qualifications are necessary?

Sgt. J. R. A.,
Fort MacArthur, Calif.

AG 210.1 (dated June 26, 1942) authorized the appointment of warrant and noncommissioned officers as commissioned officers of the Army of the United States for duty with the Corps of Military Police. Applications will be considered from W. O. and N. C. O.s of the Regular Army who have excellent records and eight years' continuous service, four in a noncommissioned officer's status. Those are the only requirements of which I know. Submit your application through your C. O. (Forms 0850 and 63).

This department of Liberty is for the men of the armed forces of the United States: Army, Navy, Marine Corps, and Coast Guard, also their families and friends. The identity of letter writers will not be disclosed without their permission. Address your letters to: "Old Sarge," c/o Liberty, 205 East 42 St., New York.

SEE YOU IN JAIL, DARLING!

She never meant to fall in love—but Fate and the Rent Control Board conspired against her

BY PHYLLIS MOORE GALLAGHER

ILLUSTRATED BY H. E. BISCHOFF

MISS LAVINIA BRADLEY hurried up Massachusetts Avenue toward the gaunt red brick Force School building that housed the Rent Control Board. A saucy-looking young lady, trim in mink coat and toque, heels clicking, pale hair dancing like sunshine on her shoulders. A very ruffled, angry young lady!

Ladies don't get mad, Lavinia reminded herself grimly. A lady lifts her chin, straightens her shoulders, and impales the object of her wrath with sharp but eloquent silence. *So all right, my fine-feathered duster, I'm not a lady!* Certainly she'd been anything but a lady last night. Her blue eyes had blazed at Captain Terence O'Dunne, U. S. A. Some guttersnipe atavism had asserted itself and she'd called Terence O'Dunne evil-tempered, blackhearted, the degenerate son of bogtrotters, and a lot of other foul things. Finally, when she'd run out of words and wind, she had lifted her hand to slap Captain Terence O'Dunne across his aggressive young jaw—and hadn't done it. The guttersnipe had backed down inside. Then she had whirled and rushed blindly up the stairs to her room.

"I hate him! I loathe and detest him!" she told herself in a mental tone that suggested mayhem—and stepped down into the merry-go-round of traffic at Dupont Circle. Brakes screeched wildly around her. A man bellowed, *Are you nuts, sister, or what!* As she ascended the curb she was agreed that she was definitely *nuts.* Talking her mother into taking a roomer! Now, there was the act of a crackpot, all right!

It all seemed a dozen years ago now instead of just three short months. She and her mother were having coffee in the drawing room that night. Jim Randolph had dropped in, as he had every night for two months. He had briefed the headline news of the day for them, looking very stern without trying to, for nature had molded him with a stern hand. There was nothing about Jim's six feet of blond A-1 classification slimness to show that he was a rather good bet from a matrimonial standpoint, yet sitting there, looking at him and listening, she had remembered it somehow. In six months it would be Lavinia Randolph. Mrs. James Randolph. . . .

"I don't know where all these people pouring into Washington are going to live," Jim said, shaking his head. "Look at this, Lavinia."

She read the sobbing article Jim passed to her, stared compassionately at the photographs of bewildered government clerks prowling around the wide streets in search of a home. A mental picture of the six empty bedrooms upstairs smote her, and she felt guilty. Keeping those rooms vacant was like hoarding and throwing away cooking fats and tossing rubber gadgets into the trash. Georgetown, for all its proud antiquity, was in the very heart of the city, with no transportation problems. In walking distance, really, of every department connected with defense. She put down the paper and glanced around the spacious drawing room. Everything was dim and silent and scented faintly with roses and age and beauty. Then she faced her mother. Mrs. Bradley, in black velvet, had finished her coffee and was turning to her knitting for the Red Cross.

"Mother, I've got a simply gorgeous inspiration! I think we ought to take in some roomers!"

Shock went right down Mrs. Bradley's spine and stiffened it. "Lavinia darling, surely you're not serious!"

"Deadly," said Lavinia.

Mrs. Bradley's knitting needles clicked. "No, Lavinia," she said. "I wouldn't consider it. Mavis Lee had that *same* gorgeous inspiration. She rented a room. To a WPB chap. He reported her to the Health Department and the District. Claimed Mavis' house should be completely renovated, that all the furniture was out of date and hazardous. Her house is over two hundred years old, just like ours, and her furniture is antique too. She's having a perfectly hideous time now."

"Mavis just drew a crackpot, mom," Lavinia said.

"And *we* might draw some one who's allergic to old-fashioned plumbing and antiques. No, Lavinia," Mrs. Bradley said firmly. "Never. There are too many new fancy laws involved in the renting of a room."

"An' you sho' is right, Miz Bradley," big black Gardenia entered into the conversation as she picked up the silver coffee service. "Roomers is the mos' pestiferouses' things. Yes, ma'am, they is. Ah got six and ah cain't open mah door wifout findin' a governmint expector on mah welcome mat. You doan' know what'd you be gittin' us into, Miss Vinny."

Well, she certainly hadn't known what she was getting into, Lavinia reflected—and her heels clicked on up the avenue. She'd argued with her mother and Jim that night, building up a patriotic motif, and had finally won their grudging consent.

"Well, then, try one person first," Jim had advised. "If it works out, you can decide about the other rooms."

Together she and Jim had answered the long list of ROOMS WANTED in the newspaper. "Who do you think will come tomorrow, Jim?" she'd said as they'd dropped the letters in the mailbox. "The Iowa girl? The settled woman who wants cooking privileges? The army officer?" Jim said disinterestedly, "It's in the laps of the gods." But she could hardly wait to find out. She was up early the next morning, stirring Gardenia out of a sulky lethargy.

"YOU doan' haf to clean up fer roomers lak it wuz a party, Miss Vinny," Gardenia grumbled. "Roomers is jus' plumb dirty in people's houses." So Gardenia was lumbering around slowly, giving only a lick and a promise, when the doorbell shrilled.

"I'll get it!" Lavinia called—and ran. Before she opened the door she smoothed the skirt of her businesslike black frock, fluffed the blonde curls at the nape of her neck, and double-checked her reflection in the Sheraton mirror over the hall console. Then she put on what she considered a prop landlady smile—and opened the door.

In spite of the young man's shining dark hair, and his mahogany skin, and his laughing, mocking Irish eyes, he was more army than three generals and two colonels rolled into one. She thought, I wonder if he's married, and before she got around to realizing what a strange thing that was for Jim Randolph's future wife to be wondering, the young officer asked: "You answered my advertisement?"

"Yes. And, of course, you're the army offi—" Her voice fainted and died. She was staring, and she knew it; but she was incapable of taking her eyes away, or of talking, or of anything else. She began to feel light-headed and sort of—smothered. (What's the matter with me? she thought. Did I eat something this morning that I'm allergic to?)

What seemed like days later, the young officer said: "I'm Captain Terence O'Dunne. May I see the room?"

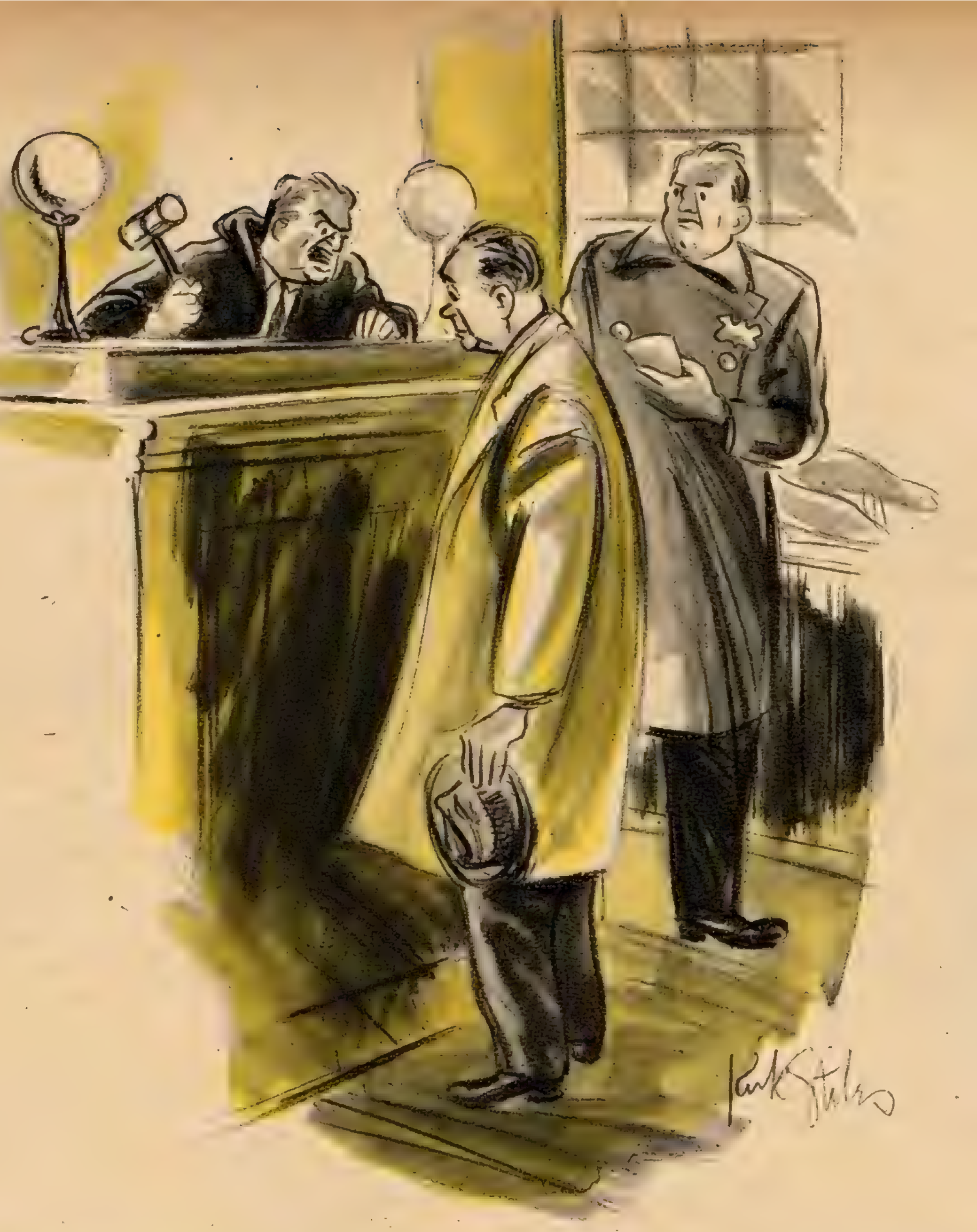
Lavinia opened her mouth, but not a sound came forth. She was still looking straight into those dark blue

READING TIME ● 27 MINUTES

it there," he commanded brusquely. "I've
en waiting for you for three damnable
urs, and you're going to listen to me!"

eyes, and she noticed that the black lashes were as long and curly as a girl's. She tried to take a deep breath, and couldn't. Her knees felt weak and silly. She managed a half-breath and said, "I'm Lavinia Bradley, and if you'll come this way, please—"

The young officer followed her up the stairs, and she glanced at him over her shoulder—just once—and clung firmly to the banister. Captain Terence O'Dunne was different from any young man she'd ever seen, and different in a way that was disturbing. He was exactly the sort of young man she'd always promised herself to run from. *I won't think about him. I'll remember Jim along with Pearl Harbor. I don't want to be a fugitive from a wedding band.* Now why had those crazy thoughts trailed through her brain? What *is* happening to me?



"So you were trying to save rubber by going around the corner on two wheels!"

"YOU didn't state a price," Captain O'Dunne said. "I wouldn't want to pay more than twenty-five dollars."

"Oh, anything's all right," she said dazedly—and led the captain down a sunny corridor to a rear room that overlooked a typical bricked-in Georgetown garden. Everything in the room had a sprigged-muslin flounce: the tester bed, the dressing table, the dressing-table bench, and the chairs. White organdy plumped up the windows and Godey prints marched demurely around the walls. It was a lovely fluffy white marshmallow of a room, and Terence O'Dunne gazed about with a touch of panic in his eyes.

"It's a little on the pantywaist side," he ventured. "I don't suppose you'd consider removing a few of the frills?"

Miraculously she remembered Mavis Lee's hideous time, and said no as firmly as she could.

Terence O'Dunne's grin slanted, and Lavinia, hard at the staring business again, felt her heart stand still—then race. Why, she wanted to *touch* Captain Terence O'Dunne! She wanted to reach out her fingers and touch the firm hard line of his jaw, she wanted to smooth the dark waves in his hair. The weakness in her knees spread through her whole body. She understood now, all right. Everything. And she knew exactly what she was going to do about it. Her cheeks were burning as she walked swiftly to a closet and flung open the door. Then she put her shaky hands behind her back and twisted her fingers together painfully. "This is a dreadfully inadequate closet," she pointed out, "and this room is terribly drafty and the fireplace doesn't work. My great-grandmother caught pneumonia—in here, and died in that bed. Everybody—dies in that bed—and there's a ghost. You wouldn't be interested in this room, Captain O'Dunne."

"Interested? Miss Bradley, I'm fascinated!" the captain said charmingly.

"Anyway, I've decided it's *thirty-five* dollars," she said desperately.

"That's quite all right," the captain said, undaunted, and produced his wallet. He peeled off three tens and a five, and Lavinia accepted them gingerly as if he were offering a brace of cobras. She stood there then, twisting the money into corkscrews, struggling for an out. But she couldn't *think* with him smiling down at her like that—as if he were delighted to be here, as if he had quite definitely decided he *belonged* here. . . . Through a haze of panic she heard him say, "Then I'll move in around eight tonight, if that's O. K., Miss Bradley."

And at eight he moved in! Men panted and groaned up the stairs with trunks. They chipped plaster off the walls. And Terence O'Dunne in person lugged up golf equipment, tennis rackets, and an enormous West Point pennant. Jim Randolph put down the evening paper and said worriedly, "I don't like this one bit, Lavinia. What do you know about that guy? Mrs. Bradley, did you check up on him?"

"Oh, he's all right," Mrs. Bradley said confidently. "He's a West Pointer. Such a handsome lad, too. He won't be around much to bother us, you know. He goes off to the War Department at seven and is gone all day, and he'll very likely be out all evening, too. These predatory Washington females won't leave a youngster like that alone."

It was a prophetic statement, for as her voice trailed off the telephone rang. Lavinia answered it, and a lovely feminine Southern drawl asked for Cap'n Ter-r-ry O-h-h'Dunne. Lavinia didn't want to eavesdrop, but back on the sofa in the drawing room she couldn't help but overhear. "Hiya, Emmy-Lou," Terry said gayly into the telephone. "What's cooking? . . . No, I couldn't. No, Emmy-Lou. No. . . . Look, stupe, I've just moved in and I've got to get squared away tonight. I said I couldn't make it, and that's that." The telephone hardly had time to cool off when it rang again. This time it was a female Bostonian. "Oh, hello there, Pamela," said Terry. "Well, that sounds very nice, Pam, but I don't think I can make it. . . . No. . . . Well, I've just moved in here and I've got to get squared away. I'll do my best. . . . Look, dope, I said I'd make it if I could—but don't hold your breath. . . . Aw, Pam, go soak your head. . . ." Finally he hung up, and took the stairs two at a time, noisily. . . . And Jim Randolph reached an all-time high in sternness.

"That guy and his love life will be a nuisance, Mrs. Bradley."

Mrs. Bradley laughed. "I guess I can cope with it, Jim."

A few moments later Terence O'Dunne came swiftly down the stairs, passed through the front hall and out of the door without even glancing toward the drawing room.

Lavinia sat very still in her chair by the fire. She had expected him to turn his head and smile at her, and now she was conscious of a sharp pang of dis-appointment because he had not. Suddenly she was frightened. This was absurd; this was—*fantastic!* Sane young women who were already engaged to be married and had their futures carefully planned didn't go around falling in love with strange young men. Especially not a sane young woman like Lavinia Bradley, who had never been in love in her life and never meant to be.

She tried to think back on the very moment when she'd decided that she'd never fall in love. It went back, she thought, to those grim six weeks in Reno when she was ten—and her mother's tears. But perhaps it went back even farther than that. Perhaps even as a very young child she'd absorbed her mother's stark misery because her father was attractive to women—and couldn't let them alone.

Just two months ago now she had overheard Aunt Bessie telling Mrs. Bradley that she should marry again. "Carter Bradley isn't the only man in the world, Agnes, and he made you wretched. Philandering comes easy to men like Carter. They're incredibly handsome, attractive to women, attracted by them. Their hearts are coated with moonlight." Lavinia, coming into the drawing room, had looked straight at her mother, seeing things in her face she couldn't bear; things she had no right to see; things that would never be in Lavinia Bradley's face if she could help it.

That was the night she'd told Jim Randolph that she'd marry him. She had known Jim all of her twenty years. She loved him, too, deeply—but without emotion. They shared the same likes, dislikes, background—and Jim's heart wasn't coated with moonlight. It was difficult to imagine that Jim's feeling for any woman could ever shake his practical, temperate soul. He couldn't hurt her. Not ever. After ten years of married life Jim could come to her and say, "Lavinia, I've met a girl. Let's call this quits"—and she wouldn't go to pieces, she wouldn't go completely into little bleeding pieces. She'd wish Jim luck, and mean it. That's the way it had to be; that's the way it was going to be. Love was out. . . .

LAVINIA'S heels clicked on up Massachusetts Avenue toward the Rent Control Board. She turned through the wide door and into the Public Relations Department. People with problems were squirming restlessly on stiff little chairs lined up around the walls of the small waiting room. Angry people, puzzled people. Landlords and tenants. Lavinia chose a chair and sat facing a sign which said WE ARE FIGHTING THE AXIS—NOT EACH OTHER. She tossed her blonde head contemptuously. Mr. Marshall Sloberg, Public Relations counsel, hadn't made the acquaintance of one Captain Terence O'Dunne when he'd posted that sign beside his door. Then she began to feel apprehensive. Terence O'Dunne was an army officer. He'd been wounded at Pearl Harbor, decorated. When she told Mr. Sloberg she was going to set Captain Terence O'Dunne, bag and baggage, on the sidewalk this very afternoon, he would jump to the conclusion that she was pro-Nazi or something. What was it Terry had said last night when she'd told him she was going to evict him? "But, darling, you *can't*. That new rent law won't let you. You have to have a sound reason for evicting me, and you haven't a sound reason. And if you toss me out on the street I can and will have you arrested. The Landlord and Tenant's Court would fine you a thousand bucks and put you in jail for thirty days besides. So get this, pet. I'm not leaving my little cream-puff room."

"Do you mean I *can't* put an undesirable tenant out of my own house?"

"I mean just that. If I were an epileptic, a kleptomaniac, a dipsomaniac, or just a plain maniac—which I'm not—you couldn't put me out and not wind up in jail, sweet."

"Don't you dare *sweet* me! I'll put you out, all right. I'll see about that law!"

Suddenly an angry voice beating against Mr. Sloberg's office door shattered Lavinia's thoughts. "All right, Mr. Sloberg," the voice wailed. "Let him have me arrested. I'd rather go to jail than live under the same roof with that man. Why, he's had every inspector in the city up to look over my house. They're there every day, poking around the plumbing and crawling in and out of closets—and nothing is ever wrong. The inspectors agree it's spite work. They say they have dozens of spite calls every day. I tell you, Mr. Sloberg, that man is driving me mad!"

"But you can't put him out, Mrs. Lee."

"Oh, can't I? Well, just watch and *see*, Mr. Sloberg!"

The door burst open and a regal blonde woman swathed in sables marched haughtily through the waiting room. Lavinia held her breath, staring at Mavis Lee. But Mavis Lee saw nothing through the red haze of her fury. When she'd sailed off in her chauffeured limousine, Mr. Sloberg came to his door. He was small and dark and bald, and Lavinia decided he had but one expression—a look of immense distaste for everything. He said tiredly, "Next, please," and Lavinia went into the cubicle.

MR. SLOBERG sighed. Mr. Sloberg said, "Well, what can I do for you?" He sat down behind his massive desk and waved Lavinia into a chair beside him. "Your name?" he asked.

Lavinia told him, and then she said, "I'm going to evict a young man from my home, Mr. Sloberg. I want to know how I can do it—and not get arrested."

"Does he pay his rent?"

"Yes."

"Immoral conduct?"

Lavinia hesitated. For three months girls had telephoned every hour, girls had drawn up to the front door in

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Herman, you tell him it iss BONDS-not BUNDS!
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CARE FOR YOUR CAR -your country
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That calls for stringent budgeting of every mile of driving. It emphasizes your responsibility for the hidden vitals of your car's engine and chassis.

Oil and lubricants are the only protection these wearable parts have. They deserve the best, regularly, consistently. They'll get them if you stop at the PennZoil yellow oval sign and *sound your "Z."*

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their sleek cars and had blown their horns; girls had written letters and telephoned long-distance and telegraphed. One or two brazen jobs had come right smack to the front door and wedged themselves inside, on the prowl for the captain.

"No," Lavinia said. "But he is a bit of a wolf—"

"Then you can't put him out."

"But I can. I've just—*got to.*"

"*Why?*" said Mr. Sloberg.

"Well, he—well, you see, he—" Lavinia floundered. Where to begin! How to make Mr. Sloberg understand! But in those brief seconds, while she endeavored to form her grievances into succinct phrases, certain clear pictures slid through her mind.

She and Terry sitting on the Sheraton sofa, laughing, working crossword puzzles, talking about everything under the sun. Snatches of conversation that began just anywhere and ended the same way. And then, one night, Terry's blue eyes grave: "I know this is impertinent, Vinny—but why are you marrying Jim Randolph? It's all wrong, you know."

"And why is it all wrong?"

He laughed, but his jaw set rather grimly. "It is. You'll see, Vinny. I hope you see—in time."

AND that party she'd gone to with Terry when Jim was in Chicago. An army party. "Having fun, darling?" Terry had asked, and she'd nodded her head so hard that her pompadour had slipped sideways, and Terry had laughed and tried to put it back. Then he'd said, "I'll fix you a Veronica Lake, honey. Your eyes are too beautiful to spring on a guy all at once, anyway." He had draped her pale hair over one eye, and had sat looking at her, his face bent to hers. But she could not see it, for she was blinded with emotions she didn't dare analyze. Somehow she'd been wretched after that, her heart sinking lower and lower. She didn't dare analyze that strange depression, either. But she knew now that it had something to do with the lovely blonde who kept rushing up to Terry, whispering, linking her arm through his—and the redhead and the lush brunette who had stared at Terry as if he were the last male on earth. . . . Something to do with the big diamond on her own left hand and the telegram from Jim which said he'd return in the morning. . . .

"*Why?*" repeated Mr. Sloberg.

Lavinia blushed, feeling that her thoughts had been running around her forehead in neon lights for Mr. Sloberg to read. "Well, you see, Mr. Sloberg," she began, "I'm engaged to Mr. James Randolph, the attorney." She swallowed hard. "And Captain O'Dunne, my tenant—Captain O'Dunne comes bounding down from his room the very second Mr. Randolph arrives, and he sits with us every evening. He—*outsits* Mr. Randolph. That annoys Mr. Randolph dreadfully—"

"I can understand that," said Mr. Sloberg, who'd obviously been outsat in his day.

"And when Mr. Randolph and I go out dancing," Lavinia plunged on, "Captain O'Dunne waits up for me like—like a father. And several nights ago he told Mr. Randolph he was keeping me out too late and not to let it happen again. Of course he laughed when he said it—but Mr. Randolph just *boiled!*"

A JOKE ON THEM

IF matches are made in heaven,
They must have been feeling gay
The evening they decided on
The couple across the way.

—RONNIE LEWSON.

"So the captain is a nuisance," offered Mr. Sloberg.

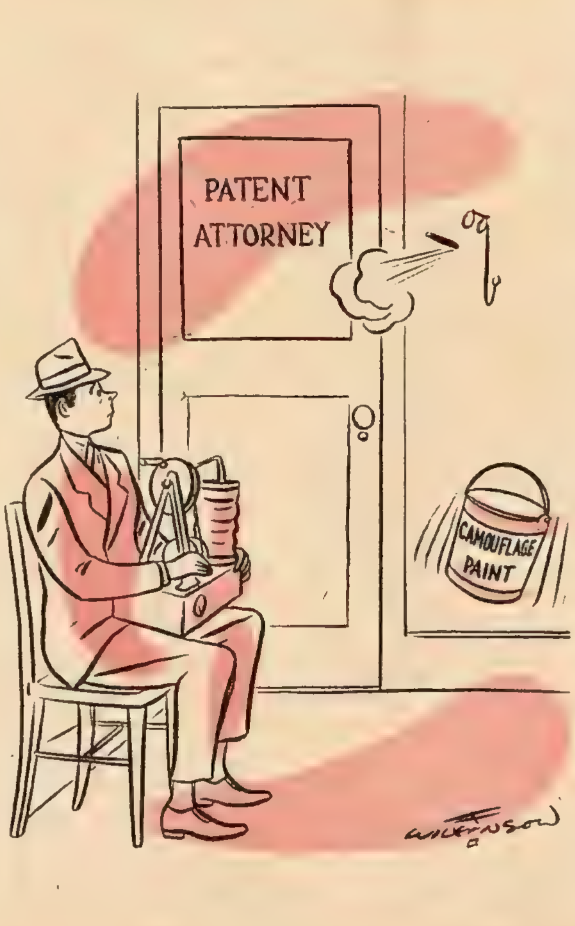
"Yes." Lavinia brightened. "I can put him out, can't I?"

"Well, no," said Mr. Sloberg. "You can give him thirty days' notice in writing, sending a copy to us here, and if he wants to move he will. But if he doesn't want to move, he can just stay on. There isn't a thing I can do about it now. However, the Senate District Committee is considering a House amendment to the Rent Control Act, designed to encourage private homes to take in war workers. If that amendment goes through, it will enable householders to terminate a tenancy without proving in court that the tenant is a legal nuisance. However, at the present time the old law stands. And if you evict Captain O'Dunne he can have you arrested and the court would undoubtedly fine you heavily and put you—"

"In the jug," gasped Lavinia.

"Precisely."

Lavinia's anger washed back over her. She climbed to her feet shakily. "Why, that's—*detestable!*" she blazed. "It's—*unfair.* When you do your patriotic duty and take a—a fiend under your roof, you've got to keep him, no matter what! Why—" She caught her breath. "Mr. Sloberg, I'm going to put Captain O'Dunne out. He can have me arrested if he wants to."



She turned swiftly and marched out of Mr. Sloberg's office, fighting desperately against the tears that were stinging behind her eyes.

She had to get Captain Terence O'Dunne out of her house, out of her life—before it was too late. Last night, when she'd returned from a dance with Jim, she'd found Terry sitting beside the fire in the drawing room, waiting for her. She'd felt her heart go into its jitterbug routine, and she'd tried to speak casually: "Having fun, Terry?"

He'd grinned up at her. "Do you call brooding and biting your fingernails fun, pet? If you do, then my evening has been a panic of excitement. I suppose you and stuffed shirt went necking?"

"Terry!"

"Well, maybe not. You don't look kissed—or loved. You look bored as hell. Vinny, when are you going to get wise to yourself?"

Suddenly he got up, gave her a push which landed her in one corner of the sofa in a swirl of white chiffon. "Sit there," he commanded brusquely. "I've been waiting for you for three damnable hours, and you're going to listen to me!

"It's like this, Vinny." He stood, tall and slim, his chin thrust out, his blue eyes scowling. "I love you, Vinny. I can't take this soupy Randolph stuff any longer. Vinny, will you go away with me tonight? Will you marry me in Rockville or wherever it is one gets married at two in the morning? *Will you?*" he demanded with a fierce quickness when she did not speak.

She couldn't speak. This wasn't the teasing Terry. This wasn't the Terry who'd said her life with Jim would be one endless bridge game and listening to the evening paper being read aloud and making Jim turn over on his side when he snored. This wasn't the Terry who clipped Dorothy Dix' sage advice on love and thumbtacked the clippings to her door. This Terry was—different. Serious and a little pale, almost a stranger—and yet somehow dearer than any one had ever been before in all her life. It took every ounce of her courage to say, "Marry *you?* Terence O'Dunne, you *are* crazy!"

HIS face softened. He spoke gently, looking down at her. "Yes, about you, Vinny. Very crazy." And his voice caught at her heart as it had so often, as it would all the rest of her life if she wasn't careful.

She got up quickly, feeling the hot blood of panic rushing through her whole body. "What you need is a good night's sleep, Terry, and so do I!" she said, and started for the stairs. She didn't know Terry had moved behind her until his arms were swinging her around to face him and his mouth was over hers. It was a long kiss—a hard, devastating, and thoroughly complete kiss—and it left her spent and shaken and breathless. Terry straightened up slowly.

"You see how it is with us, Vinny?" he said gently. And suddenly she did see—a lot of things. She saw the whole past three months in one sick blinding flash, and herself falling headlong in love with Terence O'Dunne—with Terry, the very sort of a man she'd promised herself to run from. It was intolerable! There was no excuse for her.

And if she didn't end this now, right this minute, she knew what the future would hold. Torture! A domestic rack that would mutilate her forever. Sitting home alone, as her mother had sat, wondering if Terry were looking at somebody else as he had once looked at her. Terry coming to her sometime—Terry saying, "I've met a girl, Lavinia. Let's call this quits." And herself going to pieces—into little bleeding pieces.

Suddenly her pain and confusion swelled into a great wave of anger. *"I hate you!"* she cried. *"I hate you!* I never want to see you again. And you're going to move tomorrow, Terence O'Dunne."

"No, Vinny, I'm not," he said gently. "I'm going to stay right here. I'm not going to let you ruin your life!"

She hadn't been a lady after that. Generations of Southern sweetness and light had deserted her, and she'd almost slapped Terence O'Dunne. Almost. Upstairs in her room, she hadn't cried. Not then. She had just sat on the edge of her bed, rigid and tense, her hands locked together icily in her lap. After a long while she'd gone over to her desk and written a note:

> You are to be out of this room by tomorrow noon.
>
> Lavinia Bradley, Landlord.

SHE went quietly down the hall, thumbtacked the note to Terry's door, and returned to her room—and then she fell across the bed, sobbing as if her heart would break.

She was still awake at six, and she heard Terry's alarm clock; heard his lusty voice in the shower; heard him cross the corridor to her door, pause—and then his heavy tread down the stairs. She dragged herself wearily out of bed. . . . There was a note thumbtacked to her door—her note of last night with words scrawled underneath her own shaky writing:

> See you in jail, darling!
>
> Captain Terence O'Dunne, Tenant.

Anger went right down through her like an incendiary bomb and burned out every other emotion. When Gardenia came lumbering up the steps with her breakfast tray, Lavinia was climbing into clothes, her heels clicking furiously in the process. Gardenia put the tray down and said quietly, "*Now* what, Miss Vinny? What you all puffed up about, honey? Where you goin'?"

"To see Mr. Marshall Sloberg."

Well, she'd seen Mr. Sloberg, and he and his devilish Rent Act had settled nothing. Absolutely nothing.

Lavinia turned out of the Rent Control Board's scrubby grassless yard and walked slowly down Massachusetts Avenue. At the drugstore on Dupont Circle she stepped into a telephone booth. The employment agency promised to provide two husky gentlemen of color by one o'clock. But at noon Lavinia almost lost her nerve. Terence O'Dunne might have her arrested. You could never tell about the Irish. But jail was better than this. Anything was better than *this.*

She admitted the two colored men uncertainly. "All right," she said shakily. "Let's get to work."

When Mrs. Bradley returned from the Red Cross late in the afternoon, she stood in the drawing-room window and stared unhappily at Terry's possessions on the sidewalk. She shook her head. "I don't believe for one moment that Terry made passes at you, Lavinia," she said. "And you realize, of course, that had I been home I wouldn't have permitted this. I'm shocked, Lavinia."

"He's a—*louse!*" snapped Lavinia.

Mrs. Bradley turned and looked at her daughter. Her lips parted a little and her blue eyes filled with a gentle comprehension. "You know, Lavinia," she began softly, "I've often wondered about you and Jim. He's the last person in the world I'd have thought you'd marry. Jim's a perfect darling and I adore him, but I'd rather thought and *hoped* that you and Terry—"

"Mother!"

"Terry's so *right* for you, Lavinia."

Lavinia stared. "Surely you wouldn't want me to marry some one *just like father!"* she gasped. "Surely you, of all people—" But she couldn't go on.

Mrs. Bradley sighed. "Darling, Terry isn't like your father. Your father couldn't possibly have told any woman to go soak her head. He couldn't possibly have called any woman a dope or a stupe. Your father was—smooth, Lavinia. And he always saw *any* lovely woman who saw him. Terry doesn't. Your girl friends have been here time and again, all on edge because of Terry—and Terry didn't know they were alive. There isn't any one but you for Terry. I've known that a long time now. Besides, Lavinia, you should always go where the glamour of love leads you. Usually in that shimmering haze there's solidity and happiness. And even if you bog down in a mirage, memories are better than what Jim Randolph has to offer you. Think it over, Lavinia," Mrs. Bradley finished—and went quietly up the stairs.

Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 23

1. **Jim Thorpe. Charges of professionalism were proved against him after the Games and he was obliged to return his medals.**
2. **Azucar. He won the first running of the $100,000 Santa Anita Handicap.**
3. **Herman Rosenthal.**
4. **Joseph B. Elwell.**
5. **Lizzie Borden. The jingle appeared in The Man Who Came to Dinner.**
6. **The Kaiser made it in 1914.**
7. **British general Sir Claude Auchinleck.**
8. **Catholicism.**
9. **Moscow newspaper.**
10. **General Ludendorff. On August 8, 1918, the British and French routed his armies.**
11. **Antiaircraft gun.**
12. **In modern artillery fire, one round per gun in a battery, fired in prescribed order, with a prescribed interval between.**
13. **Streptococcus and wound infections, pneumonia.**
14. **Machine gun.**
15. **Italian infantrymen.**
16. **German bomber.**
17. **Load of bombs dropped consecutively.**
18. **Englishman.**
19. **The British in 1916.**
20. **Treeless wastes.**

Lavinia sat still on the sofa, thinking it over. Terry *wasn't* like her father. She knew that now, seeing in a true light all the things she'd been too panic-stricken to see before: Terry's impatience with the predatory females, his curt voice over the telephone, his refusal of invitations—Terry, who preferred to sit at home and wait up for her, like a father. *Like a father,* she whispered, and it was her undoing.

TEARS stung her eyes. Never in the world would she be able to explain to Terry, to make intelligible to him, the principles behind her past conduct. She could see no sense in them now herself. She'd taken for granted that her mother's tragic marriage was the natural result of marrying a man who was attractive to women. Lavinia's lower lip began to tremble.

"And I've set him out on the street," she thought miserably. "He'll hate me. He'll move and he'll hate me—and he won't ever come back."

She got up quickly and rushed blindly out of the house. She brought in the golf equipment first; then the tennis rackets and the West Point pennant. Three small boys, a street sweeper, and a very large policeman gathered on the sidewalk and were immensely interested in her struggle up the steps with a heavy suitcase.

"Miss Lavinia Bradley!"

Lavinia dropped the suitcase, and the tears stood out on her lashes. But Captain Terence O'Dunne didn't see them. Captain Terence O'Dunne saw nothing but *red*—and his possessions on the sidewalk.

"So you've done it!" he snapped coldly. "Well, get this, smartypants! You're going down there and cart my things back into this house! You're going to push them in with that stubborn little nose of yours, if necessary, and—" His voice shut off abruptly. He was *seeing* her at last. He stood perfectly still, stunned.

"I don't believe it," he said, and his voice shook absurdly. "I—just can't believe it."

Lavinia looked straight into his eyes. She hadn't trusted herself to do that since that first day.

" 'You see how it is with us,' " she quoted shakily. "You *see?"*

THE END

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Vox Pop

"Voice of the People"

SCRAPPY TALK

Helena, Mont.—Suppose every employer asked his office force to clean obsolete material from the files; don't you think that a great amount of old correspondence could be done away with—or, if not thrown out, at least packed away in storage bins? The fine steel cabinets thus relieved of heavy duty could be turned over to scrap authorities. If all our professional, industrial, and business executives would give this a thought, the result might prove amazing.

You can be selfish about it, too. Not only would the cabinets provide badly needed scrap for Uncle Sam, but the saving in office space might convince that cute little steno who felt crowded that she shouldn't leave her job, after all.—*Patriot.*

Perhaps you've got something there, friend. How about it, Poppers? Do you think it's a good idea? If not, what do *you* have to offer as a workable plan for collecting extra scrap?—Vox Pop Editor.

YEAH? WANNA STEP OUTSIDE WITH US?

New York, N. Y.—I feel that the average Vox Pop entrant is either a nut or at least a half-nut.—*J. Dunphy.*

OH, SAY, O'SHEA—BETTER GET YOUR SHILLELAGH

Los Angeles, Calif.—Why doesn't Pfc. O'Shea (October 24 Vox Pop) go stick his head in a hole and find out what's going on in this country?

Sure, some of us defense workers make fifty dollars a week—others don't. But if they make twenty-five, fifty, or even seventy-five dollars, it's hard to save fifty bucks a month. If they could, it would go into war bonds and stamps. A good example of this can be seen by looking just below our national colors on the flagpole of the company for which I work and taking a good look at the Bull's-Eye Minute Man flag that flies there.

Literally hundreds of defense workers were quitting their jobs for a uniform and fifty bucks a month, and they were asked to stay on the job to keep the all-important production line going. They've been doing a pretty good job of it.

No, Pfc. O'Shea, they aren't yellow; they are 100-per-cent American.—*W. L. Alexander.*

Cleveland, Ohio—My husband is in the army and I feel that I am speaking for him and all his buddies when I wholeheartedly agree with Pfc. O'Shea in regard to defense workers striking. It makes my blood boil to see young healthy men suddenly become vital to defense when they can and should be replaced immediately. They should be in uniform.—*"Red" Cohen.*

BACK TO MAKE NAZI BLOOD-PRESSURE DANCE?

New York, N. Y.—At a recent regular Friday luncheon meeting of a group of writers at the Hotel Algonquin in this city, one of the members introduced two boys wearing the uniform of the Eagle Squadron of the R. A. F.

"These boys," he told the astonished guests, "were dropping bombs over Germany day before yesterday, dancing in Radio City's Rainbow Room last night, and, when they finish their luncheon, will change into their newly ordered A. F. F. uniforms, hop a plane back to Canada to pick up new bombers which are being readied for them, and be in England tonight."

It seemed the boys had landed on Thursday in Toronto, expecting to fly back to England immediately. When they were told they would have to wait about twenty-four hours for their new bombers, the commanding officer asked them what they would like to do. They replied, "Go dancing in the Rainbow Room tonight."

So they were given a plane and hopped off at once for New York.—*Walter A. Lowen.*

OPINION ON THE ROOSEVELT SERIES

BROOKLINE, MASS.—I was so thankful for George Creel's article (October 24 Liberty) after nine weeks of sickening mush.—*Cunera Scheffer.*

PENSACOLA, FLA.—Ten thousand cheers for our President, and may he live to spend another four-year term.—*L. J. Thomas, U. S. Navy.*

HOUSTON, TEX.—To say that the President of the United States is "incredibly inefficient" is not only unpatriotic but treasonable.— *An EX Liberty Reader.*

ANYTHING TO PLEASE AN OREGONIAN

SWEET HOME, ORE.—Could you please reprint the picture of the girl who was on the July 18, 1942, Liberty cover? When the letters first started coming in about her, I got out all my old Libertys to see if I could find her and see what all the raving was about. And I couldn't find *that* issue! Now, Vox Pop, you wouldn't want me to die of curiosity, would you?—*M. M. L.*

THANKS!

NEW YORK, N. Y.—As a good American, may I take the liberty to urge that you make possible the release through all publicity sources of the editorial by Paul Hunter in your October 3 issue? It is superb, and so necessary at this time to arouse each individual to action.—*J. C. Beckham, President Home Economic Service Corp.*

SIOUX CITY, IA.—Swell!—*S. J.*

GIVE TEEN-AGE DRAFTEES A VOTE?

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.—If a boy of eighteen, nineteen, or twenty is old enough to assume the responsibility of being a soldier and fight for his country, shouldn't he then be old enough to have a voice in the affairs of this country he is fighting to protect?

In the eyes of the law made by his elders, he isn't a man until he has reached the age of twenty-one. No one recognizes his legal right to sign papers until he has reached that age. In view of all this let's give these boys of ours an even break.—*Ruth M. Johnson.*

SORRY, NO REFUNDS

HOUSTON, TEX.—It's a good thing that you don't publish that yellow sheet of yours down here. I'm ashamed I spent ten cents on it.—*Texan.*

DETROIT, MICH.—
I would rather be dead than not to see
My weekly mag, my Liberty.
—*Richard Henry.*

JUST A TRICK TO MAKE YOU WRITE

NEW YORK, N. Y.—In case you haven't heard, there is also an Iowa team in the Big Ten. The football article in October 31 Liberty completely forgot a team of which we're quite proud.—*Phyllis Sullivan.*

FARMERS DON'T LOBBY

KALAMAZOO, MICH.—Those politicians who shout and demand in the city of Washington are not representing any of the farmers we've contacted. They haven't the least desire to rob the consumers, but they wonder how they can be expected to do the work of producing, when no one will help at any price they can afford to pay.

I don't know what the agitators are trying to accomplish, but the obvious result is antagonism toward the farmers.—*Mrs. E. W. Rinn.*

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Tired Kidneys Often Bring Sleepless Nights

When disorder of kidney function permits poisonous matter to remain in your blood, it may cause nagging backache, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness. Frequent or scanty passages with smarting and burning sometimes shows there is something wrong with your kidneys or bladder.

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from your blood. Get Doan's Pills.

THE AXIS WOULD BLITZ THE WORLD—CAN THEY?

Continued from Page 9

Examining first the Mediterranean, we see that it is the smallest of the seas, and that through the Strait of Gibraltar and Suez and the Indian Ocean it connects the Atlantic with the Pacific. This explains why the geopoliticians decreed that in this war of the oceans the first sea to be captured should be the Mediterranean. It has always been German policy to attack the smallest military unit first, and then use the conquered territory as a springboard for the next and bigger coup. The same principle was to be applied in this war for the control of the waterways.

MORE than three years ago I called attention to the successive steps the German Army would undertake in order to achieve the capture of the Mediterranean. I based my list on the geopolitical blueprints. That schedule read, step by step:

An alliance with Italy.
Control of Spain.
Control of France.
Control of Albania.
Control of Yugoslavia and Greece.
Control over Spanish Morocco, French Morocco, and Algeria.
Control over Libya and Egypt.
Control over Syria and Palestine.
Seizure of Gibraltar.
Taking over of the Suez Canal.

Today, checking against this schedule, we find that it has taken the German military high command six years to accomplish 60 per cent of the geopolitical program for the Mediterranean. Today there no longer is any doubt that the Axis Mediterranean campaign began with the military revolt of General Franco in Spain in 1936. Its conclusion depends, naturally, on Hitler's ability to use Spain for the conquest of Gibraltar from the land side, and on his occupation of Suez. Already the Mediterranean has become virtually a deathtrap for Allied shipping.

Whether the Nazi war machine is still powerful enough, after its exhausting Russian campaign, to finish the Mediterranean program remains at this writing a moot question. There can be little doubt, however, that this objective has not been renounced. The delay has been due to an underestimation of Soviet military power and resistance.

The second fundamental phase of the geopolitical general plan is called the Battle for the Pacific. The series of successive political and military actions outlined by the Munich Institute, which I made public more than two years ago, is:

An ironclad German-Japanese military alliance.

Control over the entire African continent.

Control over Iraq, the Mosul oil fields, Persia, and Afghanistan.

Control over India.

Control of Siam and Indo-China.

Control over the coast line of China.

Seizure of the Philippine Islands and the Dutch East Indies, including Borneo.

Capture of Singapore, which would cut England off from the Pacific except via the long Panama Canal route —provided the Battle of the Mediterranean had been won by the Nazis.

Today, drawing the balance on this itemized geopolitical program (which at the time I exposed it was laughed out of court as too fantastic), we count five of the eight points as duly carried out by Berlin's Axis partner, Japan. Yet it took the Berlin-Tokyo Axis more than five years of patient diplomatic and military scheming to execute less than two thirds of the Pacific schedule, since the beginning of this Pacific campaign dates from the opening of the Japanese aggression against China in 1937.

If Hitler can climax his Mediterranean battle with the capture of the Suez Canal he will by that very coup bring the Pacific campaign, too, nearer its conclusion. The fall of Suez would make Iraq and the Mosul oil fields, as well as Afghanistan, untenable for the United Nations. Allied loss of these territories would, in turn, give the Axis full control of the Indian Ocean, not to mention the vast economic assets that would fall into Axis hands.

When the geopoliticians speak of the capture of the Pacific Ocean, they mean the Southern Pacific. They are convinced that the United States would not have the endurance for a protracted war, and eventually would negotiate an agreement that would remove American influence from the entire Pacific sphere.

Axis control over the Mediterranean and the Southern Pacific would, of course, give Berlin and Tokyo the most lucrative economic fields and markets of the world.

THE third act of the geopolitical drama of world conquest is called the Battle of the Atlantic. Until now Hitler has fought it mainly under the seas, by means of submarines. It is to get under way in earnest only after the Mediterranean and Pacific are safely under the German thumb. Once Nazi domination over Africa was complete, all the coastal waters of the Eastern Atlantic from Cape Town to Trondheim, with the exception of the British Isles, would be under the aerial and submarine control of Hitler's war machine. In the German plan, moreover, Dakar has been labeled all along as an essential point of support in the Atlantic battle and as the ideal jumping-off place for an incursion into Brazil.

Geopolitical theory contends that the Central American republics on the shores of the "American Mediterranean Sea"—that is, the Caribbean—are dominated by the United States. They find the gateway to the Pacific artificially closed to them because the Panama Canal is American-owned. It is for control of the Caribbean Sea that the decisive Battle of the Atlantic is to be fought—if fought at all—but only after the Central and South American republics have fully realized that Germany means to liberate them.

It is my impression, however, that there is an unshakable belief among the Munich planners that the Atlantic battle will never have to be fought. According to them, Britain, shorn of her possessions, will no longer have any reason or have the spirit to fight on. As for the United States, it will soon realize the futility of trying singlehanded to stop the victorious march of the German armies, and will then adjust itself to the new Nazi world order. Should the "Anglo-Saxon Powers" still resist, Berlin and Tokyo would have to teach them a lesson by actually invading both England and America.

This, then, is the gist of the great German plan worked out by the Geopolitical Institute for Axis domination of the world:

1. The capture of the Mediterranean.
2. The closing of the Southern Pacific and the establishment of a "Greater Asia."
3. Domination of the Atlantic from a powerful defense line ranging from Finland to the tip of South Africa, and control of the Caribbean through the Central American republics.

SINCE this plan was handed to the German General Staff much has happened to delay the execution of it. The Soviet Union proved much tougher than the German war lords expected. Actually the Soviet war was not on the original geopolitical schedule and was inserted by the General Staff, which felt uncomfortable with so powerful a potential enemy at its back. England, furthermore, refused to lie down and give up. And the United States, by its total mobilization of material and men, is another instance of miscalculation on the part of the geopoliticians. Yet, on the whole, the German General Staff has religiously adhered to the dictates of Munich, even though it has now and then been compelled to change the sequence of its campaigns.

I believe that although the balance of power is gradually shifting to the advantage of the United Nations, Hitler has not abandoned the gigantic scope and pattern of this war of the oceans. The day the German war leaders lose faith in the practicability of the Munich vision of world domination, they will surrender. Their attempt will be postponed for another quarter of a century.

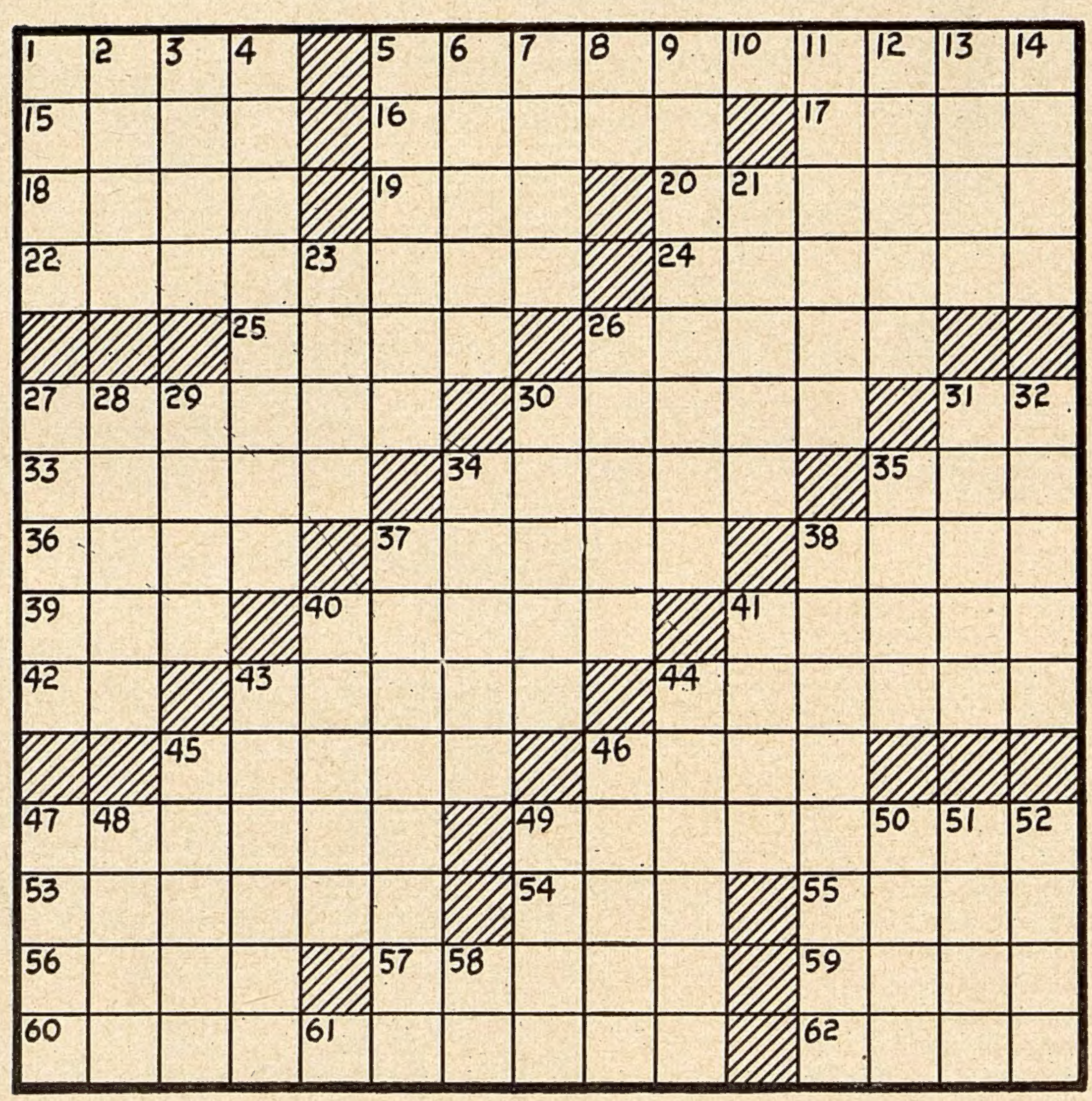
On the other hand, should Hitler be able to refuel his exhausted war machine through new conquests in Russia and the Middle East, and to reinforce his waning man power from a consolidated Nazi-enslaved Europe, he will get his second wind and continue in the pursuit of his war aims.

We dare not underestimate the Munich blueprints for world domination. They have not yet been discarded by the drivers of the monstrous juggernaut that has stamped out civilization in Europe.

THE END

COCKEYED CROSSWORDS

by Ted Shane



HORIZONTAL

1 Merrily we'll soon roll along on these
5 The Eerie Express, flies along, carries women passengers only, runs only Oct. 31
15 Bagdadland
16 This kind of thing can be a scream
17 The writer nobody knows (abbr.)
18 Hitler sure'd like to get tanked up here
19 He hates to be compared with a Nazi
20 Walk the dogs aimlessly
22 Gumshoes or Japanese
24 Hold up deliberately
25 What not to lose during emergencies
26 If your knee had a past this would be it
27 The downfall of Russia as seen by Hitler this winter
30 Fight promoter
31 Before Hitler (abbr.)
33 Carnation chassis
34 Ay, here's the rub, housewives!
35 Two to toot
36 An oathsome word
37 What the native never knows
38 Nazi court of justice
39 It's as simple as ABC to ration it
40 Empty spaces on the collander
41 Invasion canoe
42 Second looey (abbr.)
43 Song we'd like to hear played about Hitler
44 It fears the Axes
45 Gets in the hair
46 Gym floor shock absorbers
47 The Cards counted when they did this

P	A	N	E	■	A	M	I	S	S	■	C	H	A	P
O	V	E	R	■	B	I	N	E	T	■	R	A	T	A
D	E	B	A	T	E	D	■	R	A	M	E	S	E	S
■	■	■	S	A	D	■	D	E	N	I	M	■	■	■
S	E	W	E	D	■	P	E	N	D	■	A	W	E	D
A	M	I	D	■	M	U	L	E	■	S	T	A	R	E
M	A	T	■	C	A	M	E	■	A	L	E	X	I	N
O	N	■	P	A	R	A	G	O	G	E	S	■	N	O
V	A	C	A	N	T	■	A	P	E	D	■	P	I	T
A	T	O	N	E	■	S	T	U	D	■	H	A	T	E
R	E	N	T	■	A	L	E	S	■	S	A	W	E	D
■	■	■	H	U	M	I	D	■	T	O	M	■	■	■
S	T	E	E	P	E	D	■	P	A	L	A	T	E	S
P	E	A	R	■	N	E	V	E	R	■	T	O	R	E
A	N	T	S	■	T	S	A	R	S	■	E	R	I	N

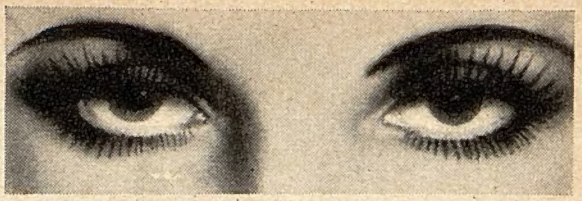
Last week's answer

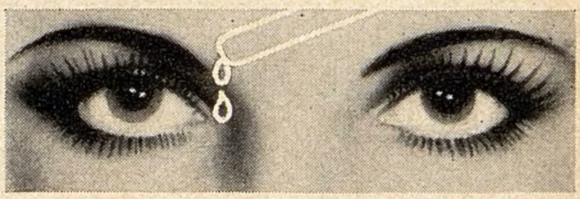
49 Leopards whose spots have run
53 It'll yet spit on and Polish off the Germans
54 Ancestor Lelcome Nipponese (abbr.)
55 Superman
56 Guy with three sheets in the wind
57 The mucky-mucks
59 $1 Mex.
60 Verdun, Russia
62 What it did and did last winter near Moscow

VERTICAL

1 Slide slats
2 Its past isn't Irun but Persia
3 M'f're
4 Great if he went with a beefless day
5 In France they're the nuts!
6 Backsliders for cellar doors
7 Crossword squidgets
8 X, reversed
9 Sweetened plaster of Paris, used to cement the tops of pies
10 The lisper's Waterloo
11 Place in Florida the Brooklynite goes to
12 Where most Americans do their best lying (two words)
13 We're either getting, having, or losing one
14 A lowdown joint
21 He talks Turkey
23 Der Pritidgsh haff locked dis canal goot mit der bumps
26 Tie-ups in the navy of the United Nations
27 Ours have a permanent wave
28 Vichyous character
29 A Nazi's grandparents
30 It's pretty sharp
31 What prominent men do at the front
32 Hand-me-down socks
34 Sweet tweets and trilling toots
35 What it is at midnight in London
37 Make another pass at the lips with the kissproof
38 Here's where the Japs get that sinking sensation (pl.)
40 She's a foxy gal
41 The fat boy's rumbleseat to the archer
43 Send the Flyer on a flyer by removing a tie
44 All Rommel's going to get in Africa in the end
45 The Mississippiovitch
46 Miniature England
47 He's on the inside looking around (poss.)
48 A bit of a louse
49 What two kings mean to the A. E. F.
50 Adam good place to live
51 Johnny Doughboy's find
52 The way to go places for the duration
58 Leftish member of the line (abbr.)
61 The Great Shane

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.





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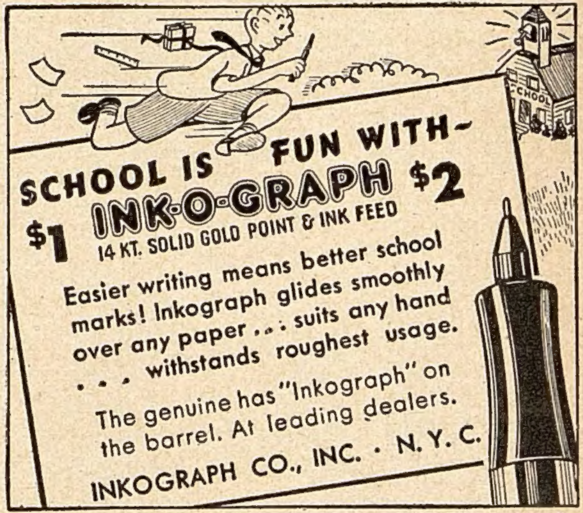

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Do you feel older than you are or suffer from Getting Up Nights, Backache, Nervousness, Leg Pains, Dizziness, Swollen Ankles, Rheumatic Pains, Burning, scanty or frequent passages? If so, remember that your Kidneys are vital to your health and that these symptoms may be due to non-organic and non-systemic Kidney and Bladder troubles—in such cases **Cystex** (a physician's prescription) usually gives prompt and joyous relief by helping the Kidneys flush out poisonous excess acids and wastes. You have everything to gain and nothing to lose in trying **Cystex**. An iron-clad guarantee assures a refund of your money on return of empty package unless fully satisfied. Don't delay. Get **Cystex** (Siss-tex) from your druggist today. **Only 35c.**

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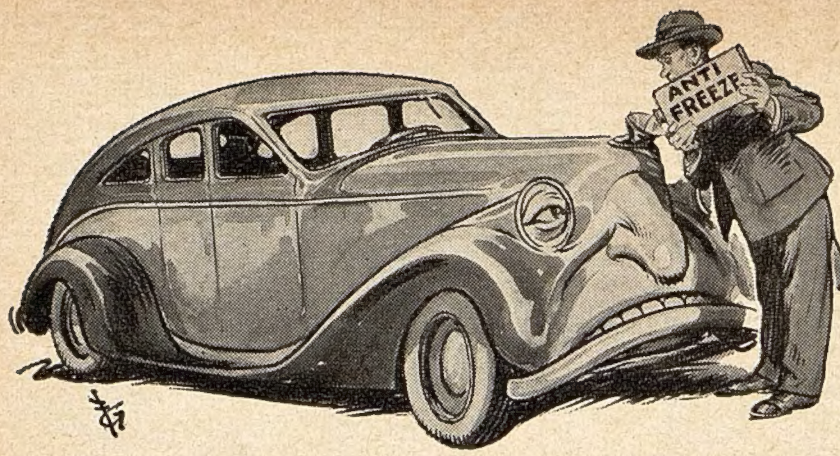
Helps Flush Kidneys



The Gyp of the Week

ANTIFREEZE MIXTURES

BY FRANK W. BROCK

ARE you going to use your car this winter? Be particularly careful, then, about the antifreeze mixtures you put in your radiator. Army and navy demands for ethylene glycol and glycerin have depleted the supply and have opened the doors to the racket boys who will rush to your rescue with some rather awful substitutes. Calcium chloride will surely be one of the foremost. It made its advent in a few localities last year—but with very sorry results.

Calcium chloride *is* an efficient antifreeze. It *will* prevent freezing down to 40° below zero. But—

The United States Bureau of Standards states that calcium-chloride solutions corrode the engine jacket and they have an especially serious effect on the solder in the radiator and upon aluminum.

When these solutions come in contact with spark plugs or ignition wires, trouble follows—in the form of short circuits. Analyses made by independent laboratories indicate that some calcium-chloride solutions develop a sediment of approximately 40 per cent—which is more than enough to clog any radiator.

"But," the purveyors of some mixtures may declare, "we have added an inhibitor which counteracts all these injurious effects—our product is safe." In reply, I can only quote the chairman of the Heavy Chemicals Division of the Department of Munitions and Supply in Washington:

"We have consulted with the manufacturers of calcium chloride in Canada and are informed that under no circumstances do they recommend the use of this compound in automobile radiators, even with an inhibitor added. Their experience has been that no inhibitor yet discovered has been efficient, and that the corrosive action on the thin metal parts of a motor car is severe."

Some day a laboratory magician may perfect an inhibitor which will neutralize the corrosive action of calcium chloride, but until careful old Uncle Sam is willing to use it in his own jeeps, keep it out of yours.

Calcium chloride isn't the only one. Philadelphia motorists last year reported some sad experiences with an antifreeze called "Alky"—which was largely water. Gyps in various other cities compounded some bathtub mixtures which were woefully inefficient.

Because the replacement of radiators and radiator parts will be extremely difficult—if not impossible—the best protection for your car this year will be the cheapest. Confine your purchases of antifreeze solutions to products made by established firms and distributed by responsible dealers.

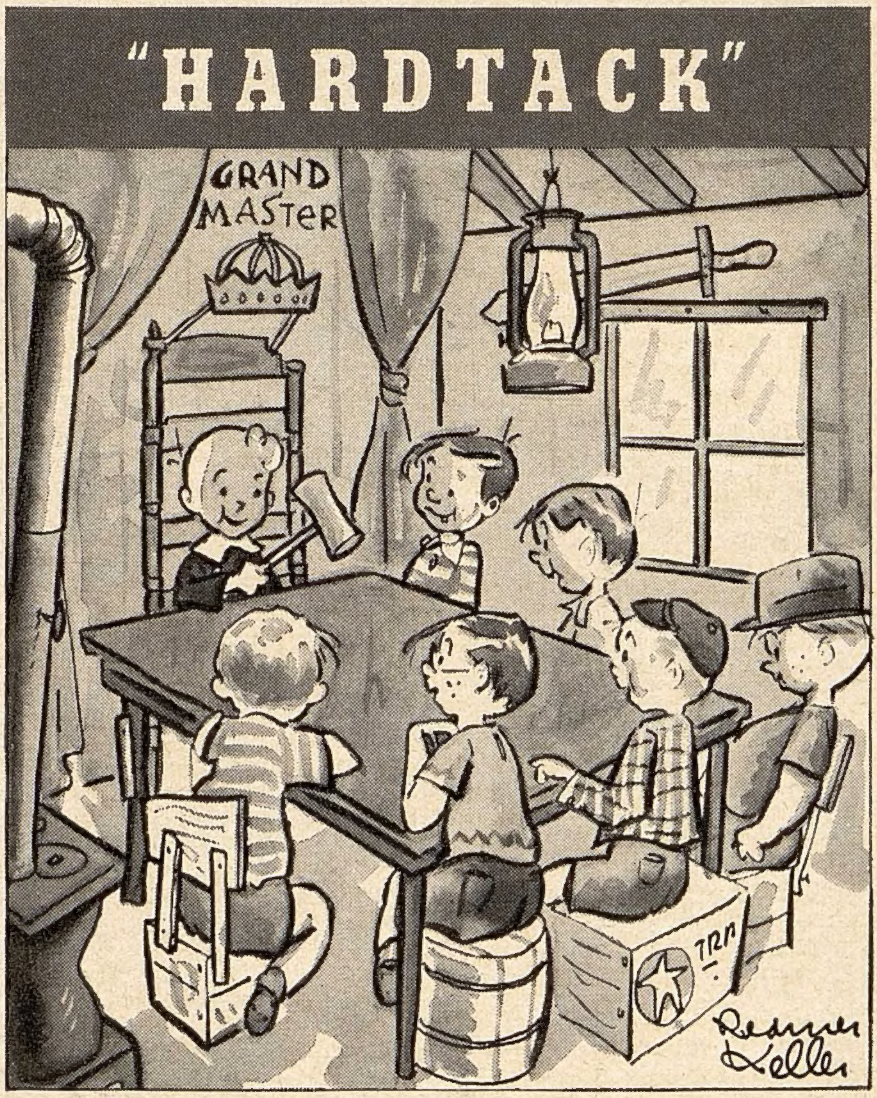
JUST BETWEEN OURSELVES

THAT CHAP TALKING to the seal is Corey Ford, whose thrilling yarn of Jap sea-otter poachers in the Aleutians ran in our pages last summer to loud applause. He turns his hand to comedy in this issue and gives us a laugh, which is something all of us need to buck us up in these parlous days, to use the classic lingo.

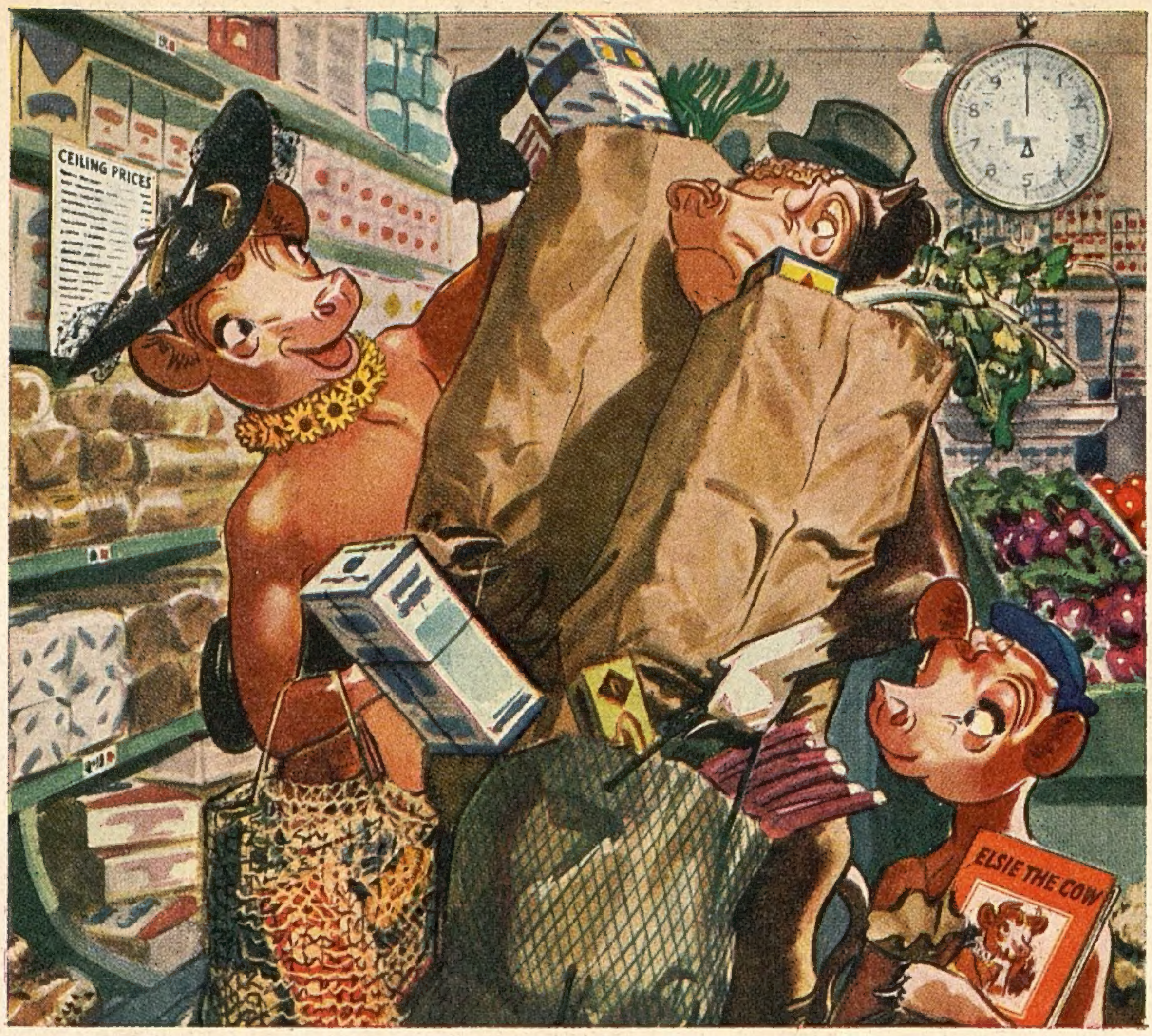
Corey's search for bigger and better fishing grounds has led him to many parts of the world, from Alaska to Borneo. Up in the Aleutians he enjoyed the distinction of catching the westernmost trout in North America. As an angler, he had the honor of having a trout fly named after him—light cream-colored hackle and gray tail. "Unlike me, however," says Corey, "for I have a rather dark hackle and never wear gray tails except at morning weddings."

AS WE GO TO PRESS, Lieutenant Lyudmila Pavlichenko, the Russian girl sniper whose own story is one of the high spots in these pages, is on her way back to the fighting front with a .45-caliber automatic and a bullet marked number 310 for her next dead shot. They were a gift from the workers of the Colt Firearms Manufacturing Company of Hartford, Connecticut. We wonder who will be the mark for 310. After she fires it (and others), and the war is won, Lieutenant Pavlichenko intends to resume her studies at Kiev University and specialize in history.

The Editors



"The meeting will now come to order. What shall we order: ice cream or jelly beans?"



"Stop grumbling, Elmer, I'm just balancing your diet!" laughed Elsie

"Humpf!" grunted Elmer, the bull. "Every newfangled idea you get seems to wind up as a lot of work for me. There's not a word in the National Nutrition Program about my having to lug all these bundles."

"What's nutrition, mummy?" interrupted little Beulah, who doesn't know too many long words. "Is it something you catch—like the measles?"

"Mercy, no," laughed Elsie, the Borden Cow. "In times like these, particularly, good nutrition is just good eating sense. It's eating the right amounts of the right kind of foods—foods that make us strong and healthy so we can do our part to help America win the war."

"I guess valuable foods like that must be pretty scarce and expensive," sighed little Beulah.

"Not at all," said Elsie. "They're the appetizing, everyday foods all Americans know and love. Take milk products, for instance: everyone needs at least a pint of milk a day, and children need a quart. Or there's cheese, and evaporated or dried milk—and ice cream, which are practically the same as milk."

MILK AND MILK PRODUCTS . . . , FOR EVERYBODY, EVERY DAY!

"I might have known milk would be *your* idea of good nutrition," snorted Elmer sarcastically.

"It isn't mine; it's Uncle Sam's," smiled Elsie. "Milk, of course, is only one part of good nutrition. Among other things, everyone ought to eat oranges, tomatoes, grapefruit, raw cabbage, or salad greens every day."

ORANGES, TOMATOES, GRAPEFRUIT . . .
ONE OF THESE DAILY!

"How can one person eat all that at the same time?" asked Beulah, rubbing her small stomach anxiously.

"*One* of each a day is enough," explained Elsie. "Because, in addition, every day a person ought to have at least one helping of green or yellow vegetables—some raw, some cooked."

ENJOY VEGETABLES AND FRUITS IN SEASON!

"Green vegetables!" bellowed Elmer, "I say it's spinach and to . . ."

"And to this," interrupted Elsie hastily, "should be added potatoes, other vegetables, or fruits in season."

"Bread and butter, too?" Beulah wanted to know.

"Certainly," said Elsie. "Both bread and cereal are excellent foods. They should be either whole grain products or enriched white bread and flour, or cereals restored to their whole grain nutritive value. Butter, vitamin-rich fats, peanut butter, and similar spreads are fine, too."

BREAD, CEREAL, BUTTER AND OTHER SPREADS ARE FINE!

"They won't get away with it," said Elmer positively. "Men want meat."

"Everybody *needs* meat," Elsie told him, "or fish, or poultry . . . every day. Then, folks occasionally ought to have dried beans, peas, or nuts."

M—M—M, MEAT, POULTRY, OR FISH . . . EACH DAY!

"Daddy, daddy," screamed little Beulah, 'the packages on top are falling off!"

"Oops, I've got 'em," panted Elmer. "O-w-w, the bottom came out of that bag. I hope you didn't buy any eggs."

"Of course, I bought eggs," said Elsie. "Everyone needs at least 3 or 4 eggs a week. We're lucky that we can cook them anyway we choose, because, from the looks of these packages, we're going to have an omelet!"

"Trouble, nothing but trouble," groaned Elmer. "What'll I do?"

"Stop grumbling and tote home these packages," prompted Elsie. "It will build up your muscles. That's the whole idea—the big reason for the National Nutrition Program: *'U. S. needs US strong!'*"

• • •

Elsie says: ***"We at the Borden Company are so enthusiastic about the National Nutrition Program that we're using this space to tell you about it, instead of talking about our own products."***

Housewives SAVE WASTE FATS FOR EX…S
U.S. NEEDS US STRONG
EAT NUTRITIONAL FOOD

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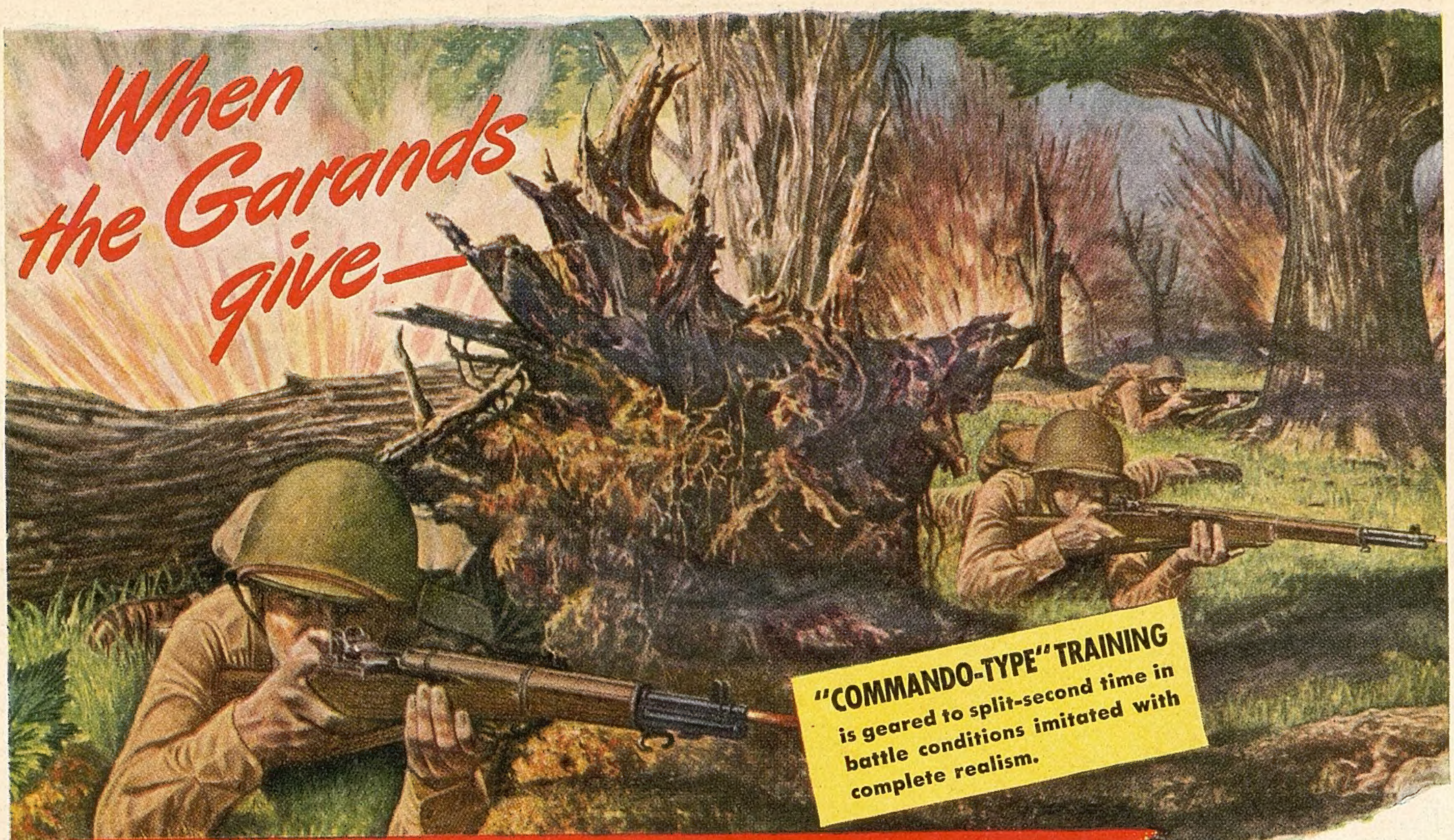
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But in *your* smoking—it's *your* taste, *your* throat that matter to you. Even more, if you're smoking more. Put Camel to the "T-Zone" test described below. Let *your* taste, *your* throat decide.

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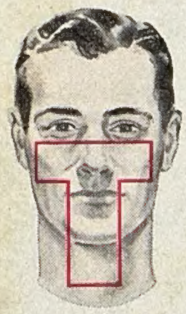

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